

## SONNET—ON FAME.

BY WILLIAM ASHEURNHAM.

SAY, what is Fame? a brilliant empty shade,  
 Like vapours painted by the breath of morn,  
 Which chill the mountain's brow. (in clouds array'd)  
 And starve the head their glitt'ring robes adorn.

Ah! what avails the slowly moving hearse,  
 The shrine that eulogy is wont to raise;  
 The splendid tomb deck'd with funeral verse,  
 The shout of millions or the peal of praise?

O what is Fame? enroll'd in glory's page,  
 Pursu'd with vigour, and with ardour fought.—  
 For which in ev'ry clime, and ev'ry age,  
 The poet labour'd, and the hero fought.—  
 'Tis oft a bubble, that through æther flies,  
 That sports awhile, evaporates, and dies.

## SONNET.

SWIFT fleet the billowy clouds along the sky,  
 Earth seems to shudder at the storm agast;  
 While only beings as forlorn as I,  
 Court the chill horrors of the howling blast,  
 Even round yon crumbling walls, in search of food,  
 The rav'nous owl foregoes his evening flight;  
 And in his cave within the deepest wood,  
 The fox eludes the tempest of the night:—

But, to my heart, congenial is the gloom  
 Which hides me from a world I wish to shun—  
 That scene, where ruin saps the mould'ring tomb,  
 Suits with the sadness of a wretch undone;  
 Nor is the darkest shade, the keenest air,  
 Black as my fate, or keen as my despair.







FOR THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

## THE CAVE OF SLEEP.

*From Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

*Est prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu,  
 Mons cævus, ignavi domus et penetralia Somni;  
 Quo nunquam radiis oriens, mediæve, cadensve  
 Phæbus adire potest, Nebulae caligine mistæ  
 Exhalantur humo: dubiæque crepuscula lucis, &c. &c.*  
 LIB. xi, l. 593.

## DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION.

NEAR the Cimmerians, in his dark abode,  
 Deep in a cavern dwells the drowsy god;  
 Whose gloomy mansion, nor the rising sun,  
 Nor setting visits, nor the lightsome moon;  
 But lazy vapours round the region fly,  
 Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky.  
 No crowing cock does there his wings display,  
 Nor with his horny bill provoke the day:  
 No watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,  
 Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace.  
 No beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,  
 Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry,  
 But safe repose, without an air of breath  
 Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.  
 An arm of Lethe with a gentle flow,  
 Arising upward from the rock below,  
 The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,  
 And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps.  
 Around its entry nodding poppies grow,  
 And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow.  
 Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,  
 And passing, sheds it on the silent plains:  
 No door there was the unguarded house to keep,  
 Or creaking hinges turn'd to break his sleep.  
 But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed.  
 Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon sled,  
 Black was the cov'ring too where lay the god,  
 And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad:  
 About his head fantastick visions fly,  
 Which various images of things supply,  
 And mockt their forms, the leaves on trees not more,  
 Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.



## TRANSLATION OF THE SAME.

*By a Correspondent.*

NEAR drear Cimmerian wilds, enchanter'd deep  
In rock-roof'd cavern, dwells the god of sleep;  
Nor rising, noontide, nor descending sun  
With radiant light illumines his murky throne;  
From reeking earth dark exhalations rise,  
And sombre twilight sails along the skies.—  
—No coral-crested cocks, their wings display,  
Or hail with clarion-voice returning day;  
No watchful dogs with accents loud and rude  
On the deep silence of the realm intrude;  
Nor geese more watchful, that delight to sweep  
With oary feet the bosom of the deep.  
No wild beast prowls, or roams with foot-steps fleet,  
No herds in flowery pastures, low, or bleat;  
No waving foliage rustles to the wind,  
Nor social voice is heard of human kind!  
Dumb quiet spreads her reign, and not a sound  
Floats in the air, or swims along the ground;  
Save that from viewless depths, and rocky caves,  
Oblivious Lethe pours his darken'd waves,  
With sinuous line the enchanted waste divides,  
And calls soft slumbers as he murmuring glides.—  
Prolific poppies near the entry nod,  
Unnumber'd herbs surround the dark abode;  
From milky juices circling through their veins,  
Night culls her spells, and sheds them o'er the plains.  
No porter guards the dome; with hollow roar  
On iron hinges jars no ponderous door.  
Full in the midst in gloomy state display'd,  
On sable pillars, rests a sable bed;  
With sable plumes its silken sides distend,  
And o'er it's bosom sable cov'rings bend:  
There lies the god with languor-loosen'd limb;  
And airy visions round his temples swim,  
Buoy their thin bodies, wave their painted wings,  
And mock, as fancy moves, the forms of things;—  
Thick as the playful leaves that spring expands,  
As Autumn's golden grains, or ocean's silvery sands.



ful ; and consequently on the vital frame, and on all animal functions ; such as muscular motion, respiration, digestion, and the various secretions, But, respiration is the powerful act, by which man imbibes the greatest quantity of this fluid : for it has been calculated, that the motion of respiration is repeated 28,800 times every day, and that the lungs receive in that space of time, one million, one hundred and fifty-two thousand cubic inches of air. Bertholet, moreover, proves the influence of the electrical fluid upon vegetables, by their analogy with animals, by the nature of the fluid itself, which must pervade them ; by the distinctive characters of the electrical phenomena, such as lightning, thunder, rains, northern lights, water-spouts, &c. by the influence even of snow, hail, and mists on the vegetable kingdoms ; by the quantity of water which the atmosphere receives from seas, rivers, lands, animals, and plants ; and by the nature of that water, which, as it is an excellent conductor, falls from the clouds, impregnated with electric fluid, and discharges it upon the earth. The force of vegetation, says he, is principally owing to the electrical fluid, with which this rain-water is impregnated, and not to those ærial nitrous vapours, which have hitherto been considered by many, as its principal cause. Those years, in which thunder storms have announced the greatest measure and activity of the electrical fluid, have been most distinguished by the speedy maturity, and by the abundance of fruits and vegetables. And this may be readily proved, by depriving water of the electrical fluid, which it has imbibed in the atmosphere, when it will be found to be deprived of the greatest part of its nutritive power, and of its influence upon plants.

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#### A N E C D O T E.

**T**HERE was commonly a company of the king's body guards at Amiens. One of them laid a wager that he would swallow a half-crown, and did so ; but he fell seriously ill. The faculty could not succeed in making him bring forth the piece, and somebody mentioned the matter to the bishop of Amiens. They do not know says he, the means to cure him, but I could tell them an excellent one ; let them send the soldier to Abbe Terrai (then minister of finances) he knows how to get money out from every where.



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# POETRY.

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## THE NIGHT MARE.

FROM DARWIN'S BOTANIC GARDEN.

SO on his *night-mare* through the evening fog  
Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog;  
Seeks some lov'd-wilder'd maid with sleep oppress'd,  
Alights, and grinning sits upon her breast.  
Such as of late amid the murky sky  
Was mark'd by FUSELI's poetic eye;  
Whose daring tints, with SHAKESPEAR's happiest grace,  
Gave to the airy phantom form and place.  
Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,  
Her snow-white limbs hang helpless from the bed;  
While with quick sigh, and suffocative breath,  
Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death.  
Then shrieks of captiv'd towns, and widows' tears,  
Pale lovers stretch'd upon their blood stain'd biers;  
The headlong precipice that thwarts her flight,  
The trackless desert, the cold starless night,  
And stern-ey'd murderer with his knife behind,  
In dread succession agonize her mind.  
O'er her fair limbs convulsive tremors fleet,  
Start in her hands, and struggle in her feet;  
In vain to scream with quiv'ring lips she tries,  
And strains in palsy'd lids her tremulous eyes;  
In vain she *wills* to run, fly, swim, walk, creep;  
The WILL presides not in the bower of SLEEP.  
—On her fair bosom sits the demon Ape,  
Erect, and balances his bloated shape;  
Rolls in their marble orbs his Gorgon eyes,  
And drinks with leathern ears her tender cries.



but that now his legs were grown again; that he had thrown away the petticoat, and had put on the breech-clout again," adding that, "the land beyond the river Alleghaney was his property."

From this period, the Delawares have again assumed considerable authority among the American tribes. The Five Nations, indeed, aspire to be the sovereigns of all the other tribes, and, for many years past, have assumed the right of making war, and of concluding peace, according as it best answered their purpose. They have also assumed the right of selling land to the whites. They wish to be looked upon by the other nations as their guardians, which it must be allowed they were for many years. But of late years, matters have taken a different turn. The Western Nations have, at length, discovered the intentions of the artful confederacy, and now go so far as to threaten them with destruction if they do not unite with them, or fulfil the condition of the league.

The Delawares are, at present, at the head of this league, and relying upon the fidelity of the nations who are combined with them, now give (in some measure) law to the Five Nations.

The Wyandots, being the guarantees of the Delawares, are under obligation to assist them, when they shall become involved in war, and especially when they shall be in danger of losing their lands: for the Delawares have now no lands but what have been given to them by the Wyandots, who, at the time the gift was made, engaged to protect the former in the property of them against any invader. The league of association between the Delawares and Wyandots was formed in the year 1751.

The Katahba were once a considerable nation. Their country was bounded on the north and north-east by North-Carolina; on the east and south by South Carolina; and about south-west by the nation of the Cheerake. About twenty-five years ago, their chief settlement was about one hundred and forty miles from the Cheerake, and about two hundred miles distant from Charleston.

In the infancy of the settlement of South Carolina, the Katahba could muster fifteen hundred fighting men. About the year 1743, this nation consisted of almost four hundred warriors, of above twenty different dialects.

I am informed, that the Katahba have an anniversary meeting, intended to commemorate their former greatness. This must, indeed, be a melancholy task. But nations who are fast passing to destruction must be contented to wrap themselves up,



J U L Y 24, 1797.

for a time at least, in reflections of a serious kind. It is on such occasions that they should learn to know and acknowledge the existence and the power of a creator, who formed all nations, and scatters them abroad; who preserves and increases them; who diminishes or crumbles them to nought. Thy power, O God! has no limits; and are we worthy of thy preserving care when we cease to be virtuous, and refuse to cultivate the arts of social life?

The Katahba are among the number of those American tribes who gave an artificial shape, by means of a strong compression, to the heads of their children. This practice among the Katahba has, I believe, fallen into disuse. The consequence is that we see no flat or compressed heads among the younger part of the nation; a circumstance which does not support Professor Blumenbach's notion of the perpetuation of forms impressed by such practices. I shall examine this subject in a separate memoir.

To this work is affixed an extensive vocabulary of the languages of the northern parts of America and Asia. In this Doctor BARTON shews that there is a very striking similarity between the languages of the two continents. The most remarkable instances of this similarity are in the words Father, Mother, Head, Eye, Hair, Tooth, Sun, Moon, Star, Earth, Water.

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## THE ELECTRIC FLUID.

*From Sullivan's View of Nature.*

**T**HIS vivifying fluid does in fact communicate itself to the human body, and not only by the pores, but also by the lungs, which Bertholet looks upon as the secretory organ of aerial electricity: and as we also conjectured in a former letter, when treating of airs, and of the highly phlogisticated state of the blood, which is attenuated and rendered florid, by apparently nothing else than the action of the lungs, and the influence of the dephlogisticated fluid, which keeps them in motion. The effects, indeed, of electricity on the general system, is wonder-



tion of mankind. But these changes are wrought only in a long course of time. Many centuries have not been able to efface the resemblances in figure and complexion of the Americans to the Asiatics. Independent on language, on religions, on mythology, on traditions, on customs and manners, the naturalist, or man of observation, would be induced to declare, that the nations of America and many nations of Asia are the same. So certain are physical tests, since they are confirmed by the similarity of language.

Doctor B. next proceeds to give an account of each of the nations of America. We shall extract his account of the DELAWARES and the KATAHBA, as the most interesting.

At the head of the column of Americans,\* I have uniformly placed the Delawares, or as they call themselves *Lenni-Lennape*. I have followed this arrangement because, I believe, we are better acquainted with the language of this tribe, than with that of any other in North-America; because they are acknowledged to be of more ancient establishment in the country than many others; and because their language appears to have a greater spread than that of any of the numerous nations of this great continent.

The name by which these Indians are best known, that of Delawares, was imposed upon them by the English, because they inhabited the waters of the river Delaware. The French writers call them Loups. They, I have already observed, call themselves *Lenni-Lennape*, which signifies the *Original People*.

The Delawares tell us that they were formerly a very powerful people, inhabiting the country to a great distance, and spreading along the sea-shore far east and south, &c. The great spread of their language, which is afterwards to be attended to, seems to show, that this must have been the case.

All the Indian nations known to me on this side of the Mississippi call the Delawares their grandfather, if we except the Six-Nations, the Wyandots, Cochnewagoes, and the southern tribes, called Chaerake, Muskohge, Chikkasah, Choktah, &c. These, it will be evident from an inspection of my vocabularies, as well as from attending to what is afterwards to be mentioned, speak languages, which though not radically different from that of the Delawares, are, however, much more distant from it than are

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\* In the vocabulary.



the languages of the Chippewas, Shawnees, Miamis, Narragansets, and several others, which are mentioned in my larger lists of American nations *above* the Senecas, who are one of the Six Nations.

As far as I have been able to learn any thing on the subject, the Delaware nation consists of three tribes, viz. the Unamis, or Wanami, the Unalachtigo, or Wunalachtigo, and the Minfi, or Monsees. It is certain that there had been a fourth tribe, which was small, and has passed away, leaving not a name behind. The Mahicanni, or Mohicans, are certainly sprung from the Delawares, but are not comprehended by these last, as a branch in making up their nation.

All the Indian nations to the southward and westward, &c. distinguish the Delawares by the name of Wapanachki, or *People towards the rising of the sun*. The Wyandots and the Six Nations call them their nephews, and the Delawares acknowledge them to be their uncles.

Of all the Indian nations which formerly inhabited, and do still inhabit, the countries of America, from the state of Massachusetts down to the Mississippi, and between the river Ohio and the Lakes of Canada, none but the Delawares and the Five Nations had the right to call a general council. The Wyandots and Hurons might call them occasionally.

The Delawares appear to have been formerly the superiors of the other nations of North America that are comprehended within the limits which I have mentioned. Their traditional history, which is still extant, proves this assertion. But by the cunning of the Five Nations, who are perhaps the greatest politicians of all the North American Indians, they were allured into a war with the enemies of the Five Nations, and finally were conquered.

After this stroke of policy, for the meanness of policy is not confined to civilized nations, the Delawares were told, that their legs being now cut off, they must wear the petticoat, become women, turn their hands to the raising of corn, &c. and leave the higher business of warring to the conquerors.

However in the year 1776, or 1777, when the Five Nations were using all their endeavours to bring all the Indian nations into the war against the United States, a Delaware chief, relying upon the faith and promises of our infant states, had the resolution to say to some of the chiefs of the Five Nations, then assembled at Fort Pitt, "that he well remembered, that they had formerly cut off his legs, and made a woman of him, by putting a petticoat upon him, and by other degrading marks,



scribe to every thing our author has said. Though language is of so much, and of the first, consequence in estimating the affinities [if I may be allowed the expression] of nations; and although where there is no affinity in language to be discovered, I should be much inclined [without the strongest physical and other proofs] to doubt whether ever two nations have been the same, yet I am persuaded that the physical circumstances of figure and complexion, the great features of religious worship, the mythology, and even the traditions, of nations are circumstances which deserve much attention in all our enquiries concerning their original, and spread over the world. It is true, as Charlevoix observes, that "nothing has undergone more sudden, frequent, or more surprising revolutions than religion." These revolutions are accomplished in the transitions of mankind from the states of savages or barbarians to the conditions of civilized men; in the changes of governments; in the admixture of nations; in the progress of reason, and science, and research; in the vicissitudes of our individual fortunes; and, alas, in the unhappy relapse of nations once civilized, or considerably improved, to the condition of savages again. Local and very narrow circumstances often give rise to a great difference in the religious features of a people; whilst the hand of one man shall crumble into dust the vast fabric which it has required the exertions of many nations, through a long series of ages, to raise and support. These things are true: they are proclaimed by the history of mankind; and many of the proofs of them are to be collected among the savages of America.

But some of the features of religious worship, and of superstition, are extremely permanent. It was a long time before the Jews could be brought to lay aside their idolatry: but at length they relinquished it, and adopted the notion of the unity of God, which they have retained, with a most commendable zeal and firmness, in the midst of all their oppressions and misfortunes, through many centuries. It had long been thought that traces of the religion of the ancient Persians could be discovered in America. In the course of this inquiry, I shall show that the language of the Persians is not unknown in this continent. Yet many ages must have elapsed since there subsisted between the Persians, or other Asiatics speaking their language, a connection with the Americans. Many ages, then, have not been sufficient to destroy the religion of fire in America.

As mankind have ever been remarked for retaining their errors, so even the grossest features of their mythology are pre-



served for a long time, in the midst of all the vicissitudes of fortune to which nations are exposed. The mythology of Asia is still preserved in America. We trace it with confidence among the savages from one end to the other of this continent. True it is, that this mythology, as well as the religion of the people, is fast disappearing, and a few years will leave hardly any vestiges of it behind. But this is not so much owing to the influence of time itself, as to the connection of the Americans with the Europeans, and their descendants.

The traditions of nations are, certainly, of much consequence in all our inquiries into their origin and migrations. It is true that the traditions of a people cannot be preserved long in a pure, unvitiated stream. They are mixed with fables, which are the children of vanity, of fear, of superstition, all which so strongly characterize our kind, but which more especially characterize nations, who are incapable of transmitting to their posterity written monuments of their successes or misfortunes. I shall afterwards have occasion to show, that were it not for the traditions of many American nations we might forever remain in doubt concerning the real origin of these people. The great affinity of their languages with the languages of Asia and Europe is not sufficient to prove, that the Americans are emigrants from these portions of the world. It only proves that the Americans and many Asiatic and European nations are the same people. It tells us not which was the parent stock. And in this inquiry, we assume no theory as established with absolute certainty, however it may be sanctioned by the voice of many ages.

Authors have laid too much stress upon the circumstance of the resemblance of customs and manners among the Americans and the people of the old world. But what I have said of the religion and mythology of nations likewise applies to their customs, and their manners. These are sometimes very permanent, and ought not to be neglected in an extensive inquiry into the origin of a people. For some interesting information concerning the customs which are common to America and the north of Asia, I beg leave to refer the reader to the *Arctic Zoology* of my learned and much valued friend Mr. Pennant. The limits of this memoir will not permit me to dwell upon the subject, which, however, is extremely interesting.

The physical circumstances of figure and complexion are worthy of much attention in all our inquiries of this kind. It must be confessed that climate and food, and other physical causes, are adequate to the production of great changes in the constitu-



languages of the old world that pass for originals. Even the different dialects, in spite of the alterations they have undergone, still retain enough of the mother tongue to furnish considerable lights.

“ Instead of this method, which has been neglected, they have made enquiries into the manners, customs, religion, and traditions of the Americans, in order to discover their original. Notwithstanding, I am persuaded, that this disquisition is only capable of producing a false light, more likely to dazzle, and to make us wander from the right path, than to lead us with certainty to the point proposed. Ancient traditions are effaced from the minds of such as have not, or who, during several ages, have been, without any helps to preserve them; and half the world is exactly in this situation. New events, and a new arrangement of things give rise to new traditions, which efface the former, and are themselves effaced in their turn. After one or two centuries have passed, there no longer remain any marks capable of leading us to find the traces of the first traditions.

“ The manners very soon degenerate by means of commerce with foreigners, and by the mixture of several nations uniting in one body, and by a change of empire always accompanied with a new form of government. How much more reason is there to believe such a sensible alteration of genius and manners amongst wandering nations become savage, living without principles, laws, education, or civil government, which might serve to bring them back to the ancient manners. Customs are still more easily destroyed. A new way of living introduces new customs, and those which have been forsaken are very soon forgotten. What shall I say of the absolute want of such things as are most necessary to life? And of which, the necessity of doing without, causes their names and use to perish together.

“ Lastly, nothing has undergone more sudden, frequent, or more surprising revolutions than religion. When once men have abandoned the only true one, they soon lose it out of their sight, and find themselves entangled and bewildered in such a labyrinth of incoherent errors, inconsistency and contradiction being the natural inheritance of falsehood, that there remains not the smallest thread to lead us back to the truth. We have seen a very sensible example of this in the last age. The *Buccanniers* of *St. Domingo*, who were christians, but who had no commerce except amongst themselves, in less than thirty years, and through the sole want of religious worship, instruction, and an authority capable of retaining them in their duty, had come



to such a pass, as to have lost all marks of christianity, except baptism alone. Had these subsisted only to the third generation, their grand-children would have been as void of christianity as the inhabitants of *Terra Australis*, or *New Guinea*. They might possibly have preserved some ceremonies, the reason of which they could not have accounted for, and is it not precisely in the same manner, that so many infidel nations are found to have in their idolatrous worship ceremonies which appear to have been copied after ours.

“The case is not the same with respect to languages. I allow that a living language is subject to continual changes, and as all languages have been so, we may say with truth, that none of them have preserved their original purity. But it is no less true, that in spite of the changes, introduced by custom, they have not lost every thing by which they are distinguished from others, which is sufficient for our present purpose; and that from the rivulets arising from the principal springs, I mean the dialects, we may ascend to the mother tongues themselves; and that by attending to the observations of a learned academician\*, that mother tongues are distinguished by being more nervous than those derived from them, because they are formed from nature; that they contain a greater number of words imitating the things whereof they are the signs; that they are less indebted to chance or hazard, and that that mixture which forms the dialects, always deprives them of some of that energy, which the natural connection of their sound with the things they represent always give them.

“Hence, I conclude, that if those characteristical marks are found in the *American* languages, we cannot reasonably doubt of their being truly original; and, consequently, that the people who speak them have passed over into that hemisphere, a short time after the first dispersion of mankind; especially if they are entirely unknown in our continent†.”

There is so much good sense in the preceding observations, that I could have no hesitation about the propriety of quoting them at length. I was the more willing to do this, as I felt a desire to express my gratitude to Father Charlevoix for having been, in some measure at least, by these very observations, instrumental in encouraging me in the inquiry which I now offer to the public. But let it not be supposed, that I mean to sub-

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\* M. l'Abbe du Bos, his History of Painting and Poetry.

† A Voyage to North-America, &c. vol. I. p. 40, 41, 42, 43.



She told me that her name was Anna; that she lived in the village of Sander, near the valley of Zargin; that she came every year to accomplish a vow she had made for her father's recovery, who was a miner, and had been taken from under one of the galleries, where he was at work, apparently dead. She added that she was fifteen when the accident happened, which was three years since, and that she had never missed coming at the stated period. I was so enchanted with this good girl's simple narrative, that I again entreated her to let me place the wreath of flowers on the Virgin's head, but she modestly declined, saying, that she expected her brother, who was gone Zimlehen, a village not far distant; and that he had promised her faithfully to return before the tapers were expired; then casting a wishful look at them, and heaving a sigh, she said, that she feared the storm had detained him, but that she hoped no harm would happen to him.

The thunder still continued rumbling over our heads in a most terrific manner; the flashes of lightning were more frequent, appearing incessantly as if crossing the defile, and nearly entering our place of refuge; whilst the rain falling in torrents from the rocks, carried with it immense pieces of stone, which, from the velocity with which they fell, shivered into a thousand pieces, and added greatly to the horror of the scene. Anna, perceiving that the lights were nearly out, and that she would be prevented from accomplishing her vow, requested me at last to assist her in placing the flowers, which I had just accomplished, when we heard the approach of a carriage, which proved to be the one I expected. I had, however, the satisfaction of gaining some intelligence, from the post-boy, of her brother, who had passed him on the road: I was, therefore, released from the painful necessity of leaving that poor and amiable girl by herself in so solitary a situation, which the storm rendered still more distressing.

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### A N E C D O T E

A FRENCH WRITER who translated Cibber's play of *'Love's last Shift,'* entitled it thus, *'La derniere Chemise de l'Amour.'*



## NEW AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

*New Views of the origin of the tribes and nations of America, by BENJAMIN SMITH BARTON, M.D. corresponding member of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland; member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. &c. Philadelphia, printed by John Bioren, for the author, octavo. 1d. 25c.*

THE origin of the nations of America is a problem in the history of man, that has for long time engaged the attention of the philosophical world. Various modes have been proposed for solving it, and many different results have been offered. Religious ceremonies, customs, antiquities, geographical relations, form, colour and language, have all had their advocates as proper criteria by which to decide this important question. Doctor BARTON has chosen the last of these, a comparison of languages, as the source from whence he draws the greater part of his arguments; his reasons for adopting this criterion are contained in the following extract:

IT is remarkable, as Charlevoix observes, that those who have undertaken this investigation "should have neglected the only means that remained to come at the truth of what they were in search of; I mean, the comparing the languages. In effect, in the research in question, it appears to me, continues our sensible author, that the knowledge of the principal languages of America, and the comparing them with those of our hemisphere, that are looked upon as primitive might possibly set us upon some happy discovery, and that way of ascending to the original of nations, which is the least equivocal, is far from being so difficult as might be imagined. We have had, and still have travellers and missionaries, who have worked on the languages that are spoken in all the provinces of the new world. It would only be necessary to make a collection of their grammars and vocabularies, and to collate them with the dead and living



strained the pride of the most enlightened of men, when their mind has been vitiated by a long possession of unlimited dominion.

He made, however, of my organ, an use which was very grateful to me. The ambassadors of *Charlemagne* were then at his Court, and the Caliph added my organ to the numerous presents with which he intrusted them for their master.

Madame Genlis here informs her readers in a note, that the first organ known in Europe was sent, as appears from history, to *Charlemagne*, by the *Caliph Agron*.

## OCCURRENCE IN THE RHÆTIAN ALPS.

FROM THE TRAVELS OF ALBANIES BEAUMONT.

**I** PROPOSE relating an occurrence which happened to me during the present excursion. It will, I hope, not be deemed an improper digression, as it will shew the natural simplicity and character of the inhabitants.

I have already acquainted my readers, that at my first setting out in the morning, the appearance of the atmosphere gave me reason to apprehend that there would be a storm in the course of the day : my fears were realised, and indeed earlier than I expected.

By nine o'clock, I had walked upwards of twelve miles ; and not perceiving the carriage, I gave myself up entirely to the pleasure of admiring the innumerable beauties which surrounded me, both in respect to botany and lithology. At every step I took some curious plant or other attracted my notice ; among which were discernable the elegant *gentiana purpurea*, the *gentiana punctata*, the *epilobium alpinum*, and the *campanula carpatica* of Linnæus ; as also the humble *tussilago alpina* store evaido of Chusio, &c. The rocks were tremendous, shelving over on all sides.

The different species of strata of which these rocks were composed, and their extraordinary appearance, took up all my attention : some of them were a mixture of quartz and mica, of the 164th species of Wallerius, which he terms *saxum mixtum anaticum* ; and here and there I found their strata, or beds,



nearly perpendicular: others were composed of heaps or pieces of granite, piled one upon another, intermixed with marbles of various colours, and banks of hornstone, of the 143 species of Wallerius, named *corneus fossilis*: it is, therefore, not to be wondered at, if I was insensible of the danger that threatened me, surrounded as I was by such a variety of natural curiosities; and in a valley, which, all the way from the small village of Antlas, was so remarkably contracted by the shelving rocks on each side, that I could only see a small portion of the sky. I was, however, suddenly roused from my contemplations by a whirlwind which carried clouds of dust along the valley, and covered me in an instant; the sky darkened, and large drops of rain fell with such impetuosity, that I took it for hail; whilst the thunder, rumbling at a distance, and re-echoed by the surrounding rocks, appeared to threaten immediate destruction. That moment was certainly the most awful I ever experienced: finding myself alone, and a perfect stranger in a country, where I could but indifferently speak or understand their language, which is in general German, yet I still succeeded with hasty steps, not knowing whither I was going, or where to find an asylum. The tempest increasing, and the horrors accumulating, I gave myself up for lost; when, fortunately I perceived one of the hermitages I have already described, which was neatly cut in the rock, resembling a cave, sufficiently large to afford protection to the affrighted traveller. Those who have crossed the Alps will easily conceive that my fears were not imaginary, as they must have encountered similar danger, and know the fatal consequence.

Having precipitately entered the hermitage or cave, supposing myself quite alone, I was startled at hearing a sigh, which seemed to issue from the extremity of it; and turning hastily, I saw a young woman at her devotions, seemingly supplicating an image which represented the Virgin Mary, and in the act of crowning it with a wreath of flowers, while a taper burned on each side of it. Whether owing to the unexpected surprise of seeing me, or because the image was beyond her reach, I could not determine; but she was obliged to give up the attempt. I ventured to approach and offer her my assistance, at the same time, fearing that I might alarm her, I explained, in the best manner I could, the cause of my taking refuge in a place which appeared to be allotted entirely to acts of devotion. As soon as she had sufficiently got the better of her astonishment, she related an affecting tale in terms full of candour and simplicity.



and yet none but thyself has been found in thy chamber. Where are thy companions?" "I have," said I, "none." "Listen," replied the Caliph, "thy physiognomy interests and pleases me, and thy youth excites my pity. I am willing to pardon thee, but I expect a sincere confession." "No, my lord," answered I, "you will not pardon a man who shall be mean enough to inform against his companions and friends." "Well," exclaimed the Caliph with violence, "all the Christians at present in Bagdat shall be this day in irons." "They will be in that situation only a few hours," said I in a tranquil tone. "And who shall set them free?"—"I, my lord." At this answer the Caliph became mute with astonishment, and doubted whether he should pronounce my sentence, or dismiss me as a person insane, I began therefore again thus to address him. "Sir, I can venture to protest to you, that I have not disobeyed your orders, and that I was alone; of which it will be very easy to convince you, if you will deign to send for the chest of drawers which is in my chamber. I will open, in your presence, this mysterious article of furniture, and you will find in it a complete evidence of my innocence." The Caliph, whose astonishment was augmented by this discourse, issued immediately the order for which I solicited, and my organ was conveyed into his apartment. While I employed myself in putting it into order, the Caliph, who waited with as much curiosity as impatience for the catastrophe of this singular scene, went out for the princess *Abasse* his sister; gave her an account of our conversation, and returned along with her. The princess, covered with a long veil, which concealed entirely her shape and her face, placed herself on one of the cushions by the side of her brother, at a little distance from, and in front of the organ. Then I asked permission of the Caliph to seat myself opposite my chest of drawers; and, at the same time, began to play and to sing. The Caliph immediately heard those powerful and harmonious sounds imitating so completely flutes, horns, hautboys, and the human voice; when starting from his seat with wonder and delight, "Is it possible," said he, "that these drawers are an instrument of music?" "Yes, my lord," replied I, "and I invented it to soften the severity of your prohibition." "In prohibiting these assemblies," said the Caliph, "I wished principally to prevent the celebrity and solemnity which the union of different instruments and several voices give to your ceremonies. I did not foresee that there could be such an ingenious contrivance to abrogate my edict; but it is but just," added he, "that those who are compelled to obedience should be more inventive



than their governors." Saying these words, he turned towards *Abassa* to ask her what she thought of this adventure. Immediately the most soothing and delightful voice which had ever yet attracted my ear, requested him in expressions the most flattering for me, to recompense the author of so wonderful an invention. "Young man," said the Caliph, who then approached me, "I admire the arts and every species of talents; thy person also pleases me. I desire to have the mechanism of this marvellous machine explained to me; and I charge myself with thy fortune: Thus," pursued he, addressing himself to his sister, "you shall be satisfied *Abassa*; I shall keep the instrument and its inventor."

The very same day I was established in the palace. I was furnished with an extensive apartment, a multitude of slaves, and several magnificent presents. I had no fortune, and I was charmed that I had acquired one with so much rapidity and singularity; but I was not less struck with the despotism which this prince mingled with his favours, even those which were most distinguished. He had disposed of me as of a slave, without consulting my inclinations, without condescending to inform himself whether any particular engagement might interfere with the desire he felt of attaching me to him. I made on this subject many melancholy reflections; but I was young, without experience, and dazzled with the brilliant qualities of the Caliph. In truth, he has very exalted ones. I shut my eyes against the terrible effects of his disposition and character, and delivered up my mind to the splendid prospects with which fortune and ambition presented me. The next day the Caliph sent for me, to explain to him the mechanism of my organ. While demonstrating its principles, I perceived in a few minutes that he had no notion of the previous information that was necessary to comprehend with facility the mechanism of a machine somewhat complicated; and, at the same time, had so much self-conceit as to desire to conceal his ignorance.

As he has a fund of intelligence and good sense, I could easily, by explaining to him some of the first principles, and by clearing up his doubts, have shewn him plainly what he wished to know; but he required a learned explanation; he pretended to understand what it was impossible he could comprehend, so that my illustration was absolutely useless to him. He carried away with him only the secret persuasion that he had imposed on me on the subject of his instruction; and he left in my mind the chagrin of perceiving to what an extent of puerility may be



of the East mention it still with benedictions; the affection of a grateful people perpetuates the remembrance of it, and yet it must not be borne by me! Condemned to obscurity, I am become a stranger to my own fame, am unable to enjoy it, and dead to all the world; it is in the eternal silence of the tomb that I receive the approbation and the eulogies of my contemporaries! The unfortunate victim of despotism, and the fatal example of human vicissitudes, I am *Barmecide*. At the sound of this great and celebrated name, the knights of the swan rose up. A sentiment of profound veneration and respect rendered them motionless for some minutes: to great minds proscription and misfortune tend to increase the interest which genius and virtue never fail to inspire! The two friends considered *Barmecide* with an eagerness of curiosity as if they beheld him now for the first time. The emotion and sympathy which they felt was painted on their countenances in so expressive a character, that *Barmecide* was very strongly affected by it. "O! my friends," cried he, "you restore me to my existence." In saying these words, he threw himself into their arms; and, having received their affectionate embraces, thus resumed his narration.

My father, born in the dominions of *Gerold*, had a passion for travelling. He inspired my mother with the same inclination, who was always his inseparable companion. I drew my first breath in Persia; my father was my only instructor, and he taught me by facts and observations founded on experience, and not by lessons derived from books. I had the misfortune to lose this excellent parent when I was twenty years of age; my mother had been dead some time before. I had three brothers. We had always lived together in the most perfect union, and were determined not to separate. Having often heard of the extreme magnificence of the court of Aaron Raschid, we determined to visit Bagdat. Arrived at this superb capital, we became acquainted with several Europeans of our own age, and we lodged all together under the same roof.

My brothers played on several musical instruments, some of our new acquaintance had the same talents, and as we could not enjoy at Bagdat the free exercise of our religion, we agreed, that on the solemn festivals we should meet in a room, and chant the mass. Our apartment was towards the street, and the people, stopping to listen to us, soon discovered the motive of these religious exercises. Mahometan intolerance was alarmed; and obtained an edict from the caliph, which was published through-



out the city, prohibiting the christians, under pain of death, from assembling to celebrate their religious rites. They were allowed, however, the privilege of performing them individually.

This prohibition offended me so highly, that I considered what means could be devised to elude it. I had always a genius for mechanics; and, after some reflection, I conceived the idea of constructing an instrument which might imitate all those with which I was acquainted, and even the human voice. I endeavoured to supply it at the same time with so prodigious a volume of sound, that it might produce to the ear the effect of a concert. I worked at my invention night and day, and in less than six months produced an instrument of an enormous size, to which I gave the name of *Organ*, and which perfectly answered my intentions. I then placed myself near my window, and played on it regularly morning and night, chanting the service at the same time. At the end of some days, information was sent to the caliph, that the christians, notwithstanding the rigour of his prohibition, had begun again their religious concerts, and with more audacity than ever. The caliph issued his orders in consequence; and one morning, while I was playing on my organ at the usual hour, I heard a violent knocking at my door. I shut up my organ, and rose to enquire the cause; when, at the same instant, a number of armed men came into my room, and testified the greatest astonishment at finding me alone. The captain of the company asked me, where were my accomplices. I replied, that I had none. He paid no attention to this answer, and sought in vain in all my closets for the other musicians. He passed several times in the front of my organ, without imagining it to be a musical instrument; which was in some measure owing to my having given it the appearance of a chest of drawers. At length, not being able to comprehend how my companions had escaped, he ordered me to follow him. I desired to be conducted into the presence of the caliph. He replied, that he was conveying me thither. In fact, the prince had resolved to see me, and to interrogate me himself. He received me with a gloomy and severe air, considering me some time in silence; and, struck with the serenity of my countenance, "Indiscreet young man," said he, "what could inspire thee with so much audacity, and so much contempt for life?" "Sir," said I in reply, "nothing so effectually encourages innocence as the aspect of an equitable judge."—"Thou canst not," answered he, "deny thy disobedience. I myself have been under thy window; I myself have heard the sound of instruments and voices;



system of the formation of the universe, the genesis of beings, the internal moulds, &c. Sometimes he would recite whole pages of his compositions; for he knows them almost all by heart. He listens gladly to objections, discusses them, and surrenders to them when his judgment is convinced.

Of natural history and of style he loves to talk, especially of the latter. No one better understands the theory of style, unless it be *Beccaria*, who did not possess the practice. "The style is the man, (said he:) our poets have no style; they are coerced by the rules of metre which makes slaves of them." How do you like *Thomas*? I asked. "Pretty well, (said he,) but he is stiff and bloated." And *Rousseau*? "His style is better: but he has all the faults of bad education, interjection, exclamation, interrogation for ever." Favour me with your leading ideas on style. "They are recorded in my Discourse at the academy:—however, two things form style, invention and expression. Invention depends on *patience*: contemplate your subject long: it will gradually unroll and unfold—till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then are come the luxuries of genius, the true hours for production and composition—hours so delightful, that I have spent twelve and fourteen successively at my writing desk, and still been in a state of pleasure. It is for this gratification, yet more than for glory, that I have toiled. Glory comes if it can, and mostily does come. This pleasure is greater if you consult no books: I have never consulted authors, till I had nothing left to say of my own."

I asked him what is the best method of forming one's self, he answered, "Read only the capital works, read them repeatedly, and read those in every department of taste and science; for the framers of such works are, as *Cicero* says, kin-souls, and the views of one may always be applied with advantage in some very different branch by another. Be not afraid of the task. Capital works are scarce, I know but five great geniuses—*Newton*, *Bacon*, *Leibnitz*, *Montesquieu*, and myself. *Newton*, (continued he,) may have discovered an important principle, but he spent his life in frivolous calculations, and was no master of style." He thought higher of *Leibnitz* than of *Bacon*. He spoke of *Montesquieu's* genius, but thought his style too studied, and wanting evolution. "This, however, (said he,) was a natural consequence of his frame of body. I knew him well; he was almost blind, and very impatient. If he had not clipped his



ideas into short sentences, he would have lost his period before the amanuensis had taken it down."

He spoke to me of the passion for study, and of the happiness which it bestows. He told me that he had voluntarily secluded himself from society; that at one time he courted the company of learned men, expecting to acquire much from their conversation, but he had discovered that little of value could be so gleaned, and that, in order to pick up a phrase, an evening was ill squandered: that labour was become a want to him, and he hoped to consecrate to it much of the three or four years of life which probably remained to him; that he feared not death—that the hope of an immortal renown was the most powerful of death-bed consolations.

He shewed me a letter from prince Henry of Prussia, and another from the empress of Russia, with his answers. Over this lofty correspondence between power and genius, where the latter retained its innate ascendancy, I felt my soul swell. Glory seemed to assume as it were a substantial form, and to bend down at its feet what the world has most exalted.

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## THE INVENTION OF THE ORGAN.

FROM A LATE ROMANCE, BY MADAME DE GENLIS, CALLED  
THE KNIGHTS OF THE SWAN.

*Il n'est ame si revêche qui ne se sente touchée de quelque  
révérence, à considérer cette vastité sombre de nos églises &  
voir le son devotieux de nos orgues.*

MONTAGNE.

**T**HE two friends having made the promise which he required of inviolable secrecy, *Giassar* thus entered upon his wonderful story.

I am thirty-six years old, and my career is completed. I have passed through it with honour, perhaps with glory; both love and fortune strewed it with flowers, till the fatal instant which discovered the abyss in which I was nearly overwhelmed. I have lost every thing, even to my very name; the inhabitants



I will mention some facts of *Buffon*. He would sometimes return from the suppers of Paris at two in the morning, when he was young. A boy was ordered to call him at five, however late he returned; and, in case of his lingering in bed, to drag him out on the floor. He used to work till six at night. "I had at that time (said he) a mistress of whom I was very fond: but I would never allow myself to go to her till six, even at the risk of finding her gone out."

He thus distributes his day. At five o'clock he rises, dresses, powders, dictates letters, and regulates his household matters. At six he goes to the forefaid study, which is a furlong distant from the house, at the extremity of the garden. There are gates to open and terraces to climb by the way. When not engaged in writing, he paces up and down the surrounding avenues. No one may intrude on his retreat. He often reads over what he has written, and then lays it by for a time. "It is important," said he to me, "never to be in a hurry: review your compositions often, and every time with a fresh eye, and you will always find that they can be mended." When he has made many corrections in a manuscript, he employs an amanuensis to transcribe it, and then he corrects again. He told M. de S—— that the *Etudes de la Nature* were written over eighteen times. He is very orderly and exact. "I burn (said he to me) every thing which I do not intend to use: not a paper will be found at my death."

I resume the account of his day. At nine, breakfast is brought to him in the study. It consists of two glasses of wine and a bit of bread. He writes for about two hours after breakfast and then returns to the house. He does not love to hurry over his dinner; during which he gives vent to all the gaieties and trifles which suggest themselves while at table. He loves to talk smuttily; and the effect of his jokes and laughter are heightened by the natural seriousness of his age and calmness of his character: but he is often so coarse as to compel the ladies to withdraw. He talks of himself with pleasure, and like a critic. He said to me, "I learn every day to write: in my latter works there is infinitely more perfection than in my former. I often have my works read to me, and this mostly puts me upon some improvement. There are, however passages which I cannot improve." In this openness there is something interesting, original, antique, attractive.

Speaking of *Roussseau*, he said, "I loved him much until I read his Confessions, and then I ceased to esteem him. I can-



not fancy the spirit of the man ; an unusual process happened to me with respect to him : after his death I lost my reverence for him.

This great man is very much of a gossip, and, for at least an hour in the day, will make his hair-dresser and valets tell all the scandal of the village. He knows every minute event that surrounds him.

His confidence is almost wholly engrossed by a mademoiselle *Bleffeu* : a woman now forty years old, well made, who has been pretty, and has lived with him about twenty years. She is very attentive to him, manages in the house, and is hated by the servants. Madame de *Buffon*, who has long been dead, could not endure this woman. She adored her husband, and is said to have been very jealous of him.

*Buffon* willingly quits his grounds, and walks about the village with his son among the peasantry. At these times he always appears in a laced coat. He is a stickler about dress, and scolds his son for wearing a frock-coat. I was aware of this, and had taken care to arrive in an embroidered waistcoat and laced cloaths. My precaution succeeded wonderfully : he shewed me repeatedly to his son. "There's a gentleman for you!" He loves to be called *Monsieur le Comte*.

After having risen from dinner, he pays little attention either to his family or his guests. He sleeps for an hour in his room; then takes a walk alone ; after which he will perhaps come in and converse, or sit at his desk and look over papers that are brought for his opinion. He has lived thus these fifty years. To some one who expressed astonishment at his great reputation, he replied, "Have not I passed fifty years at my desk?" At nine he goes to bed.

He is at present afflicted with the stone, which suspends his employments. While I was at his house he had acute pains, shut himself up in his chamber, would scarcely see his son, and not his sister. He admitted me repeatedly. His hair was always dressed; and he retained his fine calm look. He complained mildly of his ill health, and bore his pangs with a smile. He opened his whole soul to me : made me read to him the treatise on the loadstone, and, as he listened, would reform the phrases. Sometimes he would send for a volume of his works, and request me to read aloud the finer efforts of style ; such as the soliloquy of the first man, the description of an Arabian desert in the article *camel*, and a still finer piece of painting (in his opinion) in the article *Kamichi*. Sometimes he would explain to me his



understanding, be acquired with an effort inexpressibly inferior. He who should affirm, that the true object of juvenile education was to teach no one thing in particular, but to provide against the age of five and twenty a mind well regulated, active, and prepared to learn, would certainly not obtrude upon us the absurdest of paradoxes.

The purpose therefore of early instruction is not absolute. It is of less importance, generally speaking, that a child should acquire this or that species of knowledge, than that, through the medium of instruction, he should acquire habits of intellectual activity. It is not so much for the direct consideration of what he learns, that his mind must not be suffered to lie idle. The preceptor in this respect is like the incloser of uncultivated land; his first crops are not valued for their intrinsic excellence; they are sown that the land may be brought into order. The springs of the mind, like the joints of the body, are apt to grow stiff for want of employment. They must be exercised in various directions and with unabating perseverance. In a word, the first lesson of a judicious education is, learn to think, to discriminate, to remember and to enquire.

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### BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF THE COUNT DE BUFFON.

EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF HERAULT DE SEHELLES,  
WRITTEN DURING AN EXCURSION TO MONTBART IN 1785,  
AND LATELY PUBLISHED AT PARIS.

**I** BEHELD a fine figure, noble and placid. Notwithstanding he is 78 years old, one would not attribute to him above 60 years; and although he had spent sixteen sleepless nights, in consequence of being afflicted with the stone, he looked as fresh as a child, and as calm as if in health. His bust, by *Houdon*, appears to me very like; although the effect of the black eyes and brows is lost.

His white hair was accurately dressed: this is one of his whims, and he owns it. He has it papered at night, and curled with irons sometimes twice in a day, in the morning and before supper. He had five small curls on each side. His bed-gown was a yellow and white stripe, flowered with blue.



His voice is strong for his age, and very pleasant: in general, when he speaks, his looks are fixed on nothing, but roll unguardedly about. His favourite words are *tout ca* and *pardieu*, which recur perpetually. His vanity is undisguised and prominent: here are a few instances.

I told him I read much in his works. "What are you reading?" said he. I answered, the *Vues sur la Nature*. "There are passages of the highest eloquence in them:" replied he instantly.

His son has erected a monument to the father in the gardens of Montbart. It is a simple column near a lofty tower, and is inscribed

*Excelsæ turri humilis columna*

*Parenti suo filius BUFFON, 1785.*

The father burst into tears on seeing this monument, and said to the young man, "Son, this will do you honour."

The son shewed me about the grounds. We came to the closet in which this great man laboured; it is in a pavilion called the tower of Saint Louis, and it is up stairs. The entrance is by a green folding door. The simplicity of the laboratory astonishes. The ceiling is vaulted, the walls are green, the floor is in squares: it contains an ordinary wooden desk, an arm chair: but not a book nor a paper. This nakedness has its effect. The imagination clothes it with the splendid pages of *Buffon*. There is another sanctuary in which he was wont to compose;—"The Cradle of Natural History," as prince Henry called it, when he came thither. It was there that *Rousseau* prostrated himself and kissed the threshold. I mentioned this circumstance to *Buffon*. Yes, said he, *Rousseau* bowed down to me. This cabinet is wainscoted, furnished with screens, a sofa, and with drawings of birds and beasts. The chairs are covered with black leather, and the desk is near the chimney, and of walnut-tree. A treatise on the loadstone, on which he was then employed, lay on it.

His example and his discourses convince me, that he, who passionately desires glory, is sure in the end to obtain it. The wish must not be a momentary but an every day emotion. *Buffon* said to me on this subject a very striking thing—one of those speeches which may be the cause of a great man hereafter: "Genius is only a greater aptitude to *patience*." Observe, that patience must be applied to every thing: patience in finding out one's line, patience in resisting the motives that divert, and patience in bearing what would discourage a common man.



## ON EARLY INSTRUCTION.

**T**HE true object of education, like that of every other moral process, is the generation of happiness.

Happiness to the individual in the first place. If individuals were universally happy, the species would be happy.

Man is a social being. In society the interests of individuals are intertwined with each other, and cannot be separated. Men should be taught to assist each other. The first object should be to train a man to be happy; the second to train him to be useful, that is, to be virtuous.

There is a further reason for this. Virtue is essential to individual happiness. There is no transport equal to that of the performance of virtue. All other happiness, which is not connected with self-approbation and sympathy, is unsatisfactory and frigid.

To make a man virtuous we must make him wise. All virtue is a compromise between opposite motives and inducements. The man of genuine virtue, is a man of vigorous comprehension and long views. He who would be eminently useful, must be eminently instructed. He must be endowed with a sagacious judgment and an ardent zeal.

The argument in favour of wisdom or a cultivated intellect, like the argument in favour of virtue, when closely considered, shews itself to be twofold. Wisdom is not only directly a means to virtue; it is also directly a means to happiness. The man of enlightened understanding and persevering ardour, has many sources of enjoyment which the ignorant man cannot reach; and it may at least be suspected that these sources are more exquisite, more solid, more durable and more constantly accessible, than any which the wise man and the ignorant man possess in common.

Thus it appears that there are three leading objects of a just education, happiness, virtue, wisdom, including under the term wisdom, both extent of information and energy of pursuit.

When a child is born, one of the earliest purposes of his instructor ought to be to awaken his mind, to breathe a soul into the, as yet, unformed mass.

What may be the precise degree of difference with respect to capacity that children generally bring into the world with them, is a problem that is perhaps impossible completely to solve.



But, if education cannot do every thing, it can do much. To the attainment of any accomplishment what is principally necessary, is that the accomplishment should be ardently desired. How many instances is it reasonable to suppose there are, where this ardent desire exists, and the means of attainment are clearly and skilfully pointed out, where yet the accomplishment remains finally unattained? Give but sufficient motive, and you have given every thing. Whether the object be to shoot at a mark, or to master a science, this observation is equally applicable.

The means of exciting desire are obvious. Has the proposed object desirable qualities? Exhibit them. Delineate them with perspicuity, and delineate them with ardour. Show your object from time to time under every point of view which is calculated to demonstrate its loveliness. Criticise, commend, exemplify. Nothing is more common than for a master to fail in infusing the passions into his pupil that he purposed to infuse; but who is there that refuses to confess, that the failure is to be ascribed to the indolence or unskilfulness of the master, not to the impossibility of success?

The more inexperienced and immature is the mind of the infant, the greater is its pliability. It is not to be told how early, habits, pernicious or otherwise, are acquired. Children bring some qualities, favourable or adverse to cultivation, into the world with them. But they speedily acquire other qualities in addition to these, and which are probably of more moment than they. Thus a diseased state of body, and still more an improper treatment, the rendering the child, in any considerable degree, either the tyrant or the slave of those around him, may in the first twelve months implant seeds of an ill temper, which in some instances may accompany him through life.

Reasoning from the principles already delivered, it would be a gross mistake to suppose, that the sole object to be attended to in the first part of education, is to provide for the present ease and happiness of the individual. An awakened mind is one of the most important purposes of education, and it is a purpose that cannot too soon enter into the views of the preceptor.

It seems probable that early instruction is a thing, in itself considered, of very inferior value. Many of those things which we learn in our youth, it is necessary, if we would well understand, that we should learn over again in our riper years. Many things that, in the dark and unapprehensive period of youth, are attained with infinite labour, may, by a ripe and judicious



When young I was cheerful and gay,  
 My spirits were lively and free;  
 I studied not what I should say,  
 Nor lov'd any but those that lov'd me.

But now I am penfive and pale,  
 My mind is distracted with care:  
 Nyfa heeds not my pitiful tale,  
 And I die of chagrin and despair.

Do you delight in classical inscriptions? Here is a specimen:

Stranger approach with rev'rence due,  
 This hallow'd shrine, which holds the dear remains  
 Of what was once most lovely! dare not to pluck that rose  
 Which blushes sweet; an emblem of the beauteous innocence

That warm'd the cheek of my Maria. Oh! if ever wedded  
 Inspir'd thy bosom with th' expansive glow that answers to  
 a husband's name,

Retire, and silent drop a tear for him whose only consolation  
 Is to rear those lovely plants thou seest, which she in life  
 esteem'd,

And twine the branches of that sacred bower which her own  
 First planted. Or, if it please thee more to rest a while in  
 this retir'd asylum,

Indulge thy wish: angels will guard thee from all thoughts  
 And harmonize thy soul to love and friendship.

But if you love not these plaintive strains, and rather wish for  
 bold heroic measure, I am here also ready to answer your call,  
 as you will find by the following specimen:

O for a muse, a mule of thunder!  
 To fill th' astonish'd world with wonder—  
 While I recount the actions dire  
 Of villains breathing blood and fire,  
 Who mighty London threaten'd to consume,  
 As Cataline of old did mightier Rome.

But lyric measure is my chief delight; that sweetly varied  
 measure, in which the poet can display all the unbounded strength  
 of his genius, unfettered by forms and trammels; in which  
 he can make

The clarion shrill,  
 Sound at his will;  
 Make thunders roll  
 That shake the pole,

And rend the Welkin wild with loud affray;  
 Or, in numbers trim and gay,  
 Sing the sweets of blooming May!  
 Or, in notes solemn and dull,  
 To sweet repose the spirits lull.



On a bed of roses,  
See, the nymph reposes!

Stop the flute,

Be nature mute;

"Or, in a dying, dying fall,"

Sink all to rest, men, women, children, brutes and all.

Hark! I hear the din of battle;

Trumpets sound, and drums do rattle;

Horses neigh,

Asses bray;

The wide mouth'd cannon loudly roar;

Whole ranks are steep'd in blood and gore.

Hear'd you that groan?

'Tis Nature's self that makes her moan.

Dismal cries

Rend the skies;

Piteous sighs

Spontaneous rise;

Alas, he dies! he dies! the mighty hero dies!

"In broken troops, trembling, the scar'd horses trot,"

In oceans of blood mangled carcases float;

While, pale with fear,

Bellona in the rear,

The infantry in sad disorder fly,

And in whole ranks beneath the victor's sword inglorious die.

O, sir! I could write forever in this strain—forever could I write in praise of modern poetry, and of the immense improvements that have been lately made in lyric measure. In the above specimen, I have insensibly caught some of the greatest beauties of the greatest poets of modern times. I might have quoted the parallel passages at the bottom of the page; but I suppose they will not escape your *eagle eyed perception*—There, sir, is not that a fine expression? I could give you a thousand such, culled from modern orators—were my pockets full. My spirits would then overflow, and I could write—

"O heav'ns! how I could write."

but at present my pocket is empty, and I cannot soar aloft on those *eagle pinions*, which would bear me far beyond the reach of common mortals' ken.

If you can supply in abundance the *one thing needful*, I shall supply you with abundance of beautiful compositions. Nay I doubt not but in due time I may equal the old Grecian bard, or even the great Ossian himself.—Adieu!—In hopes of hearing from you soon, I remain with great impatience, and on the tip-toe of expectancy, your humble servant,

TIMOTHY HAIRBRAIN.



bringing him into a variety of scrapes, which waste his wealth; and his character is drawn with such strength of colouring, and marked with such grotesque lines of humour—he related it moreover with so much wit, in such admirable language, and embellished and enforced it with such appropriate action, utterance, and emphasis—that it rivetted, as you saw, the attention of all his auditors, and extorted laughter even from Turkish gravity.”

“But how came he to break off so suddenly?” said I.

“That” returned my friend, “is a part of the art of his profession, without which he could not live: just as he gets to a most interesting part of the story, when he has wound the imagination of his auditors up to the highest climax of expectation, he purposely breaks off to make them eager for the rest. He is sure to have them all next day, with additional numbers who come on their report, and he makes his terms to finish the story.”

“Why then,” interrupted I, “why did they who remained behind fall disputing?”

“That I will explain to you” said he, “Just as he broke off, Cassem the miser (who, as far as I heard, seems as well drawn as Moliere’s AVARE), having already suffered a thousand whimsical misfortunes and dilapidations of fortune, is brought before the Cadi for digging in his garden, on the presumption that he was digging for treasure. As soon as the historian was gone, they first applauded him, and then began to discuss his story, which they one and all agreed in praising highly: and when they came to talk of the probable issue of the sequel of it, there was almost as many opinions as there were men in company; each maintained his own, and they went to loggerheads as you saw about it—when the chance is a thousand to one, that not one of them was near the mark. One in particular surmised that Cassem would be married to the Cadi’s daughter, which gave great offence to some, and roused another of the company to declare, that he was well assured in his conscience, that Cassem would be brought to the bastinado or the stake, or else hanged in the sequel.”

“And is it possible,” said I, “that a group of twenty or thirty rational beings can be so far bereft of all common sense, as to dispute upon the result of a contingency, which absolutely depends on the arbitrary fancy of an acknowledged fabricator of falsehoods?”

*C’est vrai*, Monsieur, and thereby they demonstrate the power of the poet (for poet we may well call him;) and *entre nous*, I doubt whether it is not more rational, as well as more fair, to



dispute what the *dénouement* ought to be before than after the inventor of the piece has disposed of it, as is the practice with us. When he has once finished his fable, you will find them all content, and the voice of criticism silent. Now in France or England, our critics lie *perdue*, in order to attack the poet, let him finish his performance how he may. But you will recollect, Monsieur, that in Turkey, criticism is the honest spontaneous issue of the heart, and with us is a trade, where sometimes lucre, sometimes vanity, but oftener than both envy and malice, direct the decision, and dispose to cavil and censure.

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF A MAGAZINE.

SIR.

I AM a man of genius, who, like many others of the same class, am sometimes in want of a little cash. It is possible, sir, you may be sometimes in need of a little of my assistance in my technical capacity; and, as I shall at all times be glad of your assistance in supplying my deficiencies, we may, if you please, establish a correspondence that may be advantageous to us both. With that view I make offer of my services, whenever you chuse to call for them.

My genius, sir, is not confined to any particular line: It takes in the whole bounds of nature. I have already written, with the highest applause, on history, politics, astronomy, and ethics; on geography, law, physic, agriculture, and the military art: but my *forte* is poetry, and the belles lettres. What kind of poetry do you like best? Is it the elegiac? I give you a small specimen in that strain.—

Breathe soft, ye breezes! gently breathe,  
And scent with sweets the balmy gale;  
Suspend thy note, sweet Philomel,  
And listen to my tender tale——

But I must not give you the tale, till I receive *you know what*.

Here follows a specimen of the pastoral strain, which perhaps may better suit your taste.

K. 2.



of perishing in a storm. The first effect of calamity, says a celebrated writer, is to strengthen the soul, and the second is, to melt it down. It is because the first emotion in man, under the pressure of calamity, is to rise up toward the DEITY; and the second, to fall back in physical wants. This last effect is that of reflection; but the moral and sublime sentiment, almost always, takes possession of the heart, at sight of a magnificent destruction.

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### ACCOUNT OF A TURKISH STORY TELLER,

*From Late Travels through Turkey.*

ONE day a friend (a French gentleman) who escorted me through the town, called to draw me out with him for a walk; he said, he wished to shew me some of the caravanseras, observing that he thought I should be entertained with a view of them. I agreed to go; and he brought me to two, which, after he had shewn to me and explained their principle, police, and etiquette. I could not help admiring and approving. To both these were attached eating-houses and coffee-houses, and every appendage that could render them convenient and comfortable. As we were about leaving the last, I observed my friend stop and listen attentively. "Come hither," said he, after a minute's pause; "come into this coffee-house, here is something going forward that may amuse you."

We accordingly entered the coffee-house, where we saw a number of people, some seated in the Turkish fashion, some on low stools, and some standing; and in the middle a man walking to and fro, speaking in an audible voice, sometimes slowly, sometimes with rapidity, varying his tones occasionally with all the inflections of a corresponding sense. I could not understand him, but he seemed to me to speak with "good emphasis and good discretion:" His action was easy to him, though expressive and emphatical; and his countenance exhibited strong marks of eloquent expression. I could not help staring with astonishment at a scene so new to me, and felt great approbation at the tones and manner of this extraordinary orator, though I could



not understand a single word he said. He was listened to by all with great attention, and the Turks (albeit not used to the laughing mood) frequently betrayed strong symptoms of risibility; but in the height and torrent of his speech he broke suddenly off, scampered out of the door and disappeared; I set it down that he was a maniac or lunatic of an ingenious kind, and was for going away. "Stay," says my friend, "rest where you are for a few minutes; let us hear further."

The orator had scarcely been gone three minutes, when the room was filled with the buz of conversation, a word of which I could not understand, but which my guide listened to very attentively. At length the buz began to grow loud, and soon increased into clamour; when a scene ensued of so very ludicrous a kind as forced me to cram my handkerchief into my mouth to suppress a laugh, or at least so to stifle it as to avoid observation. In short, they were disputing violently, and their beards were, as I once before mentioned to you, ALL WAGGING. I became more convulsed with mirth; and my friend seeing that I was likely to give offence, took me under the arm, and hurried me out of the coffee-house; we retired into a porch in the caravanserai, where I gave vent to my suppressed laughter till my sides were sore, and my eyes ran tears.

"In the name of God, my friend," said I, "tell me what is the meaning of all that extravagant scene to which we have just now been witnesses: who is that madman that spoke so much? and why did they all quarrel after he went away?"

"Come, come," said he, "let us retire to my house, and I will there explain the whole of it to you, from beginning to ending."

I accordingly accompanied him home, where we found a very gay circle assembled, to whom he described my astonishment; recounting my immoderate laughter, till they all laughed very nearly as immoderately as myself.

"You must know," said he, addressing himself to me, "that he whom you took to be a madman, is one of the most celebrated composers and tellers of stories in Asia, and only wants the aid of printing, to be perhaps as eminent in reputation for making *Contes*, as Marmontel, or Madame D'Anois. As we passed along I heard his voice, and, knowing it, resolved to let you see him, and brought you in for the purpose. He was entertaining the company with a very curious, interesting, and comical story, the subject of which was avarice; the hero, a miser of the name of Cassim. His misery and avarice are represented in it as



of perishing in a storm. The first effect of calamity, says a celebrated writer, is to strengthen the soul, and the second is, to melt it down. It is because the first emotion in man, under the pressure of calamity, is to rise up toward the DEITY; and the second, to fall back in physical wants. This last effect is that of reflection; but the moral and sublime sentiment, almost always, takes possession of the heart, at sight of a magnificent destruction.

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that is, a corpse merely, the sight of it would shock rather than please them. How afraid are most of them at the thought of death? To this physical idea, then, some moral sentiment must undoubtedly be united. The voluptuous melancholy resulting from it arises, like every other attractive sensation, from the harmony of the two opposite principles; from the sentiment of our fleeting existence, and of that of our immortality; which unite on beholding the last habitation of mankind. A tomb is a monument erected on the confines of the two worlds.

It first presents to us the end of the vain disquietudes of life, and the image of everlasting repose: it afterwards awakens in us the confused sentiment of a blessed immortality, the probabilities of which grow stronger and stronger, in proportion as the person whose memory is recalled was a virtuous character. It is there that our veneration fixes. And this is so unquestionably true, that though there be no difference between the dust of *Nero* and that of *Socrates*, no one would grant a place in his grove to the remains of the Roman Emperor, were they deposited even in a silver urn; whereas every one would exhibit those of the philosopher in the most honourable place of his best apartment; were they contained in only a vase of clay.

It is from this intellectual instinct, therefore, in favour of virtue, that the tombs of great men inspire us with a veneration so affecting. From the same sentiment too it is, that those which contain objects that have been lovely excite so much pleasing regret; for, as we shall make appear presently, the attractions of love arise entirely out of the appearances of virtue. Hence it is that we are moved at the sight of the little hillock which covers the ashes of an amiable infant, from the recollection of its innocence; hence, again, it is, that we are melted into tenderness on contemplating the tomb in which is laid to repose a young female, the delight and the hope of her family, by reason of her virtues. In order to render such monuments interesting and respectable, there is no need of bronzes, marbles, and gildings. The more simple that they are, the more energy they communicate to the sentiment of melancholy. They produce a more powerful effect, when poor rather than rich, antique rather than modern, with details of misfortune rather than with titles of honour, with the attributes of virtue rather than with those of power. It is in the country, principally, that their impression makes itself felt in a very lively manner. A simple, unornamented grave there, causes more tears to flow than the gaudy splendour of a cathedral interment. There it is that grief assumes subli-



mity; it ascends with the aged yews in the church-yard; it extends with the surrounding hills and plains; it allies itself with all the effects of Nature, with the dawning of the morning, the murmuring of the winds, the setting of the sun, and the darkness of the night.

Labour the most oppressive, and humiliation the most degrading, are incapable of extinguishing the impression of this sentiment in the breasts of even the most miserable of mankind. "During the space of two years," says Father *du Tertre*, "our negro *Dominick*, after the death of his wife, never failed, for a single day, as soon as he returned from the place of his employment, to take the little boy and girl which he had by her, and to conduct them to the grave of the deceased, over which he sobbed and wept before them, for more than half an hour together, while the poor children frequently caught the infection of his sorrow."\* What a funeral oration for a wife and a mother! This man, however, was nothing but a wretched slave.

There farther results, from the view of ruins, another sentiment, independent of all reflection: it is that of heroism. Great generals have oftener than once employed their sublime effect, in order to exalt the courage of their soldiers. *Alexander* persuaded his army, loaded with the spoils of Persia, to burn their baggage; and the moment that the fire was applied, they are on tip-toe to follow him all over the world. *William*, Duke of Normandy, as soon as he had landed his troops on England, set fire to his own ships, and the conquest of the kingdom was effected.

But there are no ruins which excite in us sentiments so sublime as the ruins of nature produce. They represent to us this vast prison of the earth, in which we are immured, subject itself to destruction; and they detach us, at once, from our passions and prejudices, as from a momentary and frivolous theatrical exhibition. When Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake, its inhabitants, on making their escape from their houses, embraced each other; high and low, friends and enemies, Jews and Inquisitors, known and unknown; every one shared his clothing and provisions with those who had saved nothing. I have seen something similar to this take place on board a ship, on the point

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\* History of the Antilles: Tr. viii. chap. 1, sec. 4.



About twelve Italian miles from Naples, seven from Portici, and one from the sea-coast, lies the city Pompeii, in like manner buried and again discovered. This city was not covered by the lava, but only by the fiery ashes of Vesuvius. Accordingly here and at Stabia, every thing is in far better preservation than at Herculaneum; where the heavy load of the lava has disfigured a number of the precious antiques, and entirely demolished others; for instance, the magnificent car with four horses harnessed to it, which stood upon the top of the theatre.

The spot where Pompeii was under the earth, has always been known; since it was marked by a round trench which proceeded from the amphitheatre. The beautiful capitolium, as well as the remains of the superb amphitheatre, concur in evincing the great populousness, the opulence, the power and grandeur of the city Pompeii, which is 3680 paces in circumference. This city is now uncovered, and stands under the open sky; for which a great many vineyards that were over it, were totally destroyed. The main street of the city, running in a direct line through the centre, is found, and dug out from one end to the other. It is quite clear, and has a noble effect.

Here it is that the finest drawings have been discovered, among which the female dancers, together with the centaurs are held in higher esteem than any others. Amongst the numerous quantity of written books, hitherto none have been found but philosophical and moral treatises. However, as there are many rolls as yet unopened, the unfolding of which goes on but slowly, it is not impossible that in time, we may hear of a discovery being made of the lost books of Livy, or Diodorus Siculus, of Theopompus, or the tragedies of Sophocles, Euripides, &c.

Stabia, or Stabiae, the third city, lies a great way farther still from Vesuvius; and consequently has suffered the least. It stood exactly where the present Gragnano is. The city was laid waste by Sylla; and in the time of Pliny there were only pleasure-houses at this place. Galen informs us, that the Romans resorted hither for using the milk diet; and at this very day the milk of these parts is in great reputation.

Here are so many remarkable particulars, that the place is highly worth the inspection of every man of taste. But, as Pompeii and Stabia lie at some distance from Naples, they are visited by scarcely any foreigners except the English; whose laudable curiosity in regard to every object of information makes them slight whatever difficulty may lie in their way. A difference of twelve or twenty Italian miles is of no moment to them.



Although much is already done in the three abovementioned cities; yet discoveries still remain to be made sufficient to employ the coming century. At Pozzuolo, Baia, Cuma, Bisennum, and other places, where the opulent Romans were wont to have their magnificent country houses, as great treasures may probably be dug up, as in these three Roman cities; and discoveries may be made at much less expence. But no private man is permitted to make any considerable pit, that all future discoveries may be reserved for the king.

### THE PLEASURE OF TOMBS.

**T**HERE are no monuments more interesting than the tombs of men, and especially those of our own ancestors. It is remarkable, that every nation, in a state of nature, and even the greatest part of those which are civilized, have made the tombs of their forefathers, the centre of their devotions, and an essential part of their religion. From these, however, must be excepted the people whose fathers rendered themselves odious to their children by a gloomy and severe education, I mean, the western and southern nations of Europe. This religious melancholy is diffused every where else. The tombs of progenitors are, all over China, among the principal embellishments of the suburbs of their cities, and of the hills in the country. They form the most powerful bonds of patriotic affection among savage nations. When the Europeans have sometimes proposed to these a change of territory, this was their reply: "Shall we lay to the bones of our fathers, arise, and accompany us to a foreign land?" They always considered this objection as insurmountable.

Tombs have furnished, to the poetical talents of Young and Gesner, imagery the most enchanting. Our voluptuaries, who sometimes recur to the sentiments of Nature, have factitious monuments erected in their gardens. These are not, it must be confessed, the tombs of their parents. But whence could they have derived this sentiment of funeral melancholy, in the very midst of pleasure? Must it not have been from the persuasion that something still subsists after we are gone? Did a tomb suggest to their imagination only the idea of what it is designed to contain,



# A SUCCINCT ACCOUNT OF HERCULANUM, POMPEII, AND STABIA.

(WRITTEN FROM NAPLES.)

**P**ORTICI and Refina are two places lying contiguous, in a flat country, five Italian miles from the south east side of Naples. The royal palace forms the partition between them; the street towards Naples is called Portici, and that which runs on the other side, Refina. The whole together composes a populous well-built city, continually enlarging from year to year; as much money is spent here annually by English travellers.

Portici and Refina are built on the lava; and beneath these two places is buried the great Roman city Herculaneum. That this is really Herculaneum, and no other city, the many inscriptions and monuments of various kinds that are constantly found there leave no room to doubt. Petronius calls it Hercul's Porticum, from whence its present name Portici takes its rise. Lists have been found, that shew there were nine hundred taverns or public houses in the city: from which circumstance we are enabled to form some judgment of its magnitude.

In the first year of the reign of Titus, at that horrible eruption of mount Vesuvius, Herculaneum was first covered by the burning ashes of the mountain, and the violent torrents which the ashes drove along with them into the city. Then the fiery stream, or the lava, burst forth, which took its course towards Herculaneum, and formed a kind of incrustation over the whole city, under which the houses and temples lay buried. The inhabitants by that time had been able to save their lives and their most valuable effects by flight.

The first discovery of the city was made about the year 1711, by the prince d'Elbeuf, who was going to build a country seat on the sea coast. He caused the lava to be perpendicularly broke through, for the purpose of sinking a well. The labourers came at length to the theatre of the subterranean city, and struck upon the point of the semi-circle between two stair-cases. Here stood three excellent statues, which the prince d'Elbeuf, with great pains and expence, caused to be brought above ground. News of this transaction being carried to the Austrian vice-roy at Naples, count Daun, (for at that time the two Sicilies were still appurtenances to the house of Austria) he solemnly



forbad any farther research by digging; and appropriated to himself, as it was reasonable for him to do, the three images already found, which he soon after made a present of to prince Eugene; after whose death they were sold to the king of Poland for six thousand rix dollars.

When the late king of Spain at that time king of the two Sicilies, had built himself a summer palace at Portici; that attentive monarch, in the year 1738, had the abovementioned well made deeper and wider: till at length, with inexpressible labour, they came to the middle of the theatre, which lay at the depth of more than one hundred Roman palms\* under the surface of the earth.

The incredible magnificence of the theatre excited in the late abbe Winkelmann an ardent desire to see it free, and entirely cleared from the fiery ashes which had forced their way into every part of it, and were nearly in a state of petrification. However, he was not indulged in his wish. Whereas those who now travel to Portici, may enjoy that glorious sight. Even the stage, or the place where the actors came on and performed their parts, is at present perfectly cleared of the petrified ashes. It would have been a happiness to Winkelmann, as he often said, if he could but have beheld the entire stage. It is much to be lamented, that the lava is not broken away which covers the uppermost part of the theatre, and that so the whole of the sumptuous edifice, which can now only be seen by the light of torches and lanterns, might be viewed in open day. This uncovering of it would cost no more than the kitchen-garden of the Augustine-barefoots, which lies just over the theatre. But the generality of travellers, when they wish to see Herculaneum entirely uncovered, do not consider that this is impossible to be effected, without entirely demolishing the populous towns of Portici and Resina. The most of the streets of the city of Herculaneum are already dug out; many of the houses stand entirely free, and may be completely viewed on every side. At first it appears very surprising to travellers to take walks about the streets of a Roman city, between 60 and 70 feet under the earth, by the light of tapers, with the Roman buildings in full view on both sides. However, here and there, a house is crushed or otherwise injured by the weight of the lava.

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\* A Roman palm contains 12 Roman inches, or 3-4 English, or 8 1-4 French inches.



fourths of the globe, if he had not contrived to fabricate the bow and harpoon, and to construct a canoe, to go in quest of fish. His existence is founded on the destruction of a multitude of animals.

But laws intervene to establish order in the moral world, to which the physical world is at last subjected. Laws establish agriculture, industry, commerce, and the science of government. Labour procures man enjoyment, and puts him in possession of all the fertility of the earth: the fruit becomes the property of him who planted the tree. The arts, in their train, multiply the productions, and display the liberality of nature. Man was entitled to every enjoyment; he was rendered happy. The laws of policy agreed sometimes with those of natural morality; all kinds of governments protected the industry of citizens, and established justice as the only means of encouraging labour; finally, man, born to act, to enjoy all the advantages which he can procure by the exercise of his physical and moral faculties, owed his happiness to the primæval laws, almost all originally cast in just and useful moulds.

The state of man was not then a state of war, as Hobbes pretends. His primitive character disposed him to anxiety, and consequently to union. We cannot imagine freemen, scattered at great intervals over the globe, and seeking their mutual destruction. They would rather avoid each other, 'till some relation should occur between them, and then would become more closely connected than the individuals of a polished society. No sufficient reason can be discovered to prompt them to mutual massacre.

Far from wondering how men could collect in society, we are astonished that they could subsist a moment in the state of nature. Instinct did not give birth to general society, but only to particular associations; and these connections are the most intimate.

General society is only a slow aggregation of particular societies. When the general society disunites, that is, when the spirit of faction begins, it is the same social love (who would at first believe it!) which being too confined in its objects, becomes pernicious. This destroying principle springs from the natural affections, since it often dissolves societies by the same laws by which it formed them. It is the same propensity which acts blindly; it is a legitimate passion, but which, from its being ill directed or too violent, engenders factions.

Men, far from esteeming each other equal, are all disposed to recognize a chief, from whom they are willing to receive



laws. They all feel the necessity of government; they discover instinctively, that extreme liberty would produce extreme disorder; and human institutions are positively the institutions of nature.

If it were impossible for man to meliorate his condition, what advantage could he derive from that understanding which distinguishes him from the brutes. He set up a government, because he felt himself governed by his passions; he stretched out his hands to the enlightened man, because he felt himself ignorant, and judged that his inclination, directed by the intelligence of another, would be enabled to approach the natural order of things with greater certainty.

Let us not suppose that the principles of government are one of those chimeras engendered in the depths of metaphysics. The author of nature, after diffusing order on all sides, left not to chance the lot of humanity. Man, called to live in society, carries in his own breast the faculty of perceiving its moral laws, of combining them, of weighing their real utility in practice; and by considering those which can most influence his happiness, to form them at last into the science of government: by examining those which most influence the mind, this knowledge, the most essential to man, must carry him to a high pitch of perfection, after having long wandered in the arts of curiosity. Truth every day advances a step; and after so much light is struck out, so many reflections acquired on this subject, there will undoubtedly result a brighter picture, of which we shall be enabled to comprehend the design and the plan. The spirit of philosophy will then have reason to boast its having begun the happiness of the whole human race.

The origin of that society which we are in search of, is to be found among the wandering tribes of the new world. There we behold how man associates with man, and there we perceive the foundation of laws, the plan of legislators, and their views confined to the present moment.

Chieftans or leaders have every where preceded law-givers, because the abuse of reason is prior to the use of it. After suffering calamities through weakness, or ignorance, men grow wise by their necessities.

The individual will is often suspicious, but the general will is always good, and can never deceive. By what sign shall we know it? By the open call of the general and common interest.



laws. They all feel the necessity of government; they discover instinctively, that extreme liberty would produce extreme disorder; and human institutions are positively the institutions of nature.

If it were impossible for man to meliorate his condition, what advantage could he derive from that understanding which distinguishes him from the brutes. He set up a government, because he felt himself governed by his passions; he stretched out his hands to the enlightened man, because he felt himself ignorant, and judged that his inclination, directed by the intelligence of another, would be enabled to approach the natural order of things with greater certainty.

Let us not suppose that the principles of government are one of those chimeras engendered in the depths of metaphysics. The author of nature, after diffusing order on all sides, left not to chance the lot of humanity. Man, called to live in society, carries in his own breast the faculty of perceiving its moral laws, of combining them, of weighing their real utility in practice; and by considering those which can most influence his happiness, to form them at last into the science of government: by examining those which most influence the mind, this knowledge, the most essential to man, must carry him to a high pitch of perfection, after having long wandered in the arts of curiosity. Truth every day advances a step; and after so much light is struck out, so many reflections acquired on this subject, there will undoubtedly result a brighter picture, of which we shall be enabled to comprehend the design and the plan. The spirit of philosophy will then have reason to boast its having begun the happiness of the whole human race.

The origin of that society which we are in search of, is to be found among the wandering tribes of the new world. There we behold how man associates with man, and there we perceive the foundation of laws, the plan of legislators, and their views confined to the present moment.

Chieftans or leaders have every where preceded law-givers, because the abuse of reason is prior to the use of it. After suffering calamities through weakness, or ignorance, men grow wise by their necessities.

The individual will is often suspicious, but the general will is always good, and can never deceive. By what sign shall we know it? By the open call of the general and common interest.



with the *Antigone* of Sophocles. You will have the pleasure of hearing two excellent actors, Theodorus and Aristodemus.

Philotas had scarcely ended, before a herald, after commanding silence, proclaimed: Let the chorus of Sophocles advance. This was to announce the piece, and a perfect silence ensued. The theatre represented the vestibule of the palace of Creon, king of Thebes. Antigone and Ismene, daughters of Oedipus, opened the scene in masks. Their declamation appears natural, said I; but their voice surprises me. What are the names of these two actresses?—Theodorus and Aristodemus, answered Philotas; for here no women appear on the stage. A moment after, a chorus of aged Thebans entered, arranged three in front and five deep, walking with measured steps, and celebrating in melodious songs, the victory just gained by the Thebans over Polynices, brother of Antigone.

The plot now insensibly unfolded. Every thing I saw and heard was so novel to me, that my attention increased each instant with my surprise. Hurried along by the enchantment that surrounded me, I seemed to be in the midst of Thebes. I beheld Antigone pay the tribute of funeral duties to Polynices, in despite of the rigorous prohibition of Creon. I saw the tyrant, deaf to the prayers of his son, the virtuous Hæmon, whom she was on the point of espousing, order her to be violently dragged into a dark cavern, which appeared at the bottom of the stage, and which was to become her tomb. Presently, terrified with the menaces of heaven, he advanced towards the cavern, whence issued the most dreadful groans. They were the groans of his son, holding in close embrace the wretched Antigone, who had terminated her miseries by the fatal knot. The presence of Creon irritates his fury; he draws his sword against his father; then piercing himself with it, falls at the feet of his mistress, in whose arms he remains locked till he expires.

Almost all these tragic events passed as it were before my eyes, or rather a happy distance mitigated their horror. What then is that art that makes me at once experience so much pain and pleasure; that strongly fixes my attention on calamities, which, if realized, it would be impossible for me to support? What a marvelous combination of illusions and realities! I flew to the aid of the two lovers; I detested the remorseless author of their sorrows. The most violent passions rent my soul, without tormenting it; and for the first time I found charms even in hatred.

Thirty thousand spectators, melting into tears, redoubled my emotion and delirium. How interesting did the princess appear, when by the relentless guards dragged towards the cavern, her



lofty and unconquerable soul, yielding to the imperious voice of Nature, for a single moment seemed to confess weakness, and gave utterance to these plaintive accents:

“Must I then while yet alive, slowly descend into the mansions of the dead? Shall I no more behold the light of heaven? O tomb, O funeral bed, eternal habitation! There remains for me but one hope: thou wilt serve me as a passage to rejoin my family, that disastrous family, of which I perish the last and the most wretched. Again shall I behold the authors of my being: and they shall again behold me with pleasure. And thou, Poly-nices, O my brother! thou shalt know that, to perform towards thee the duties prescribed by nature and religion, I have sacrificed my youth, my life, my nuptials, and whatever was dearest to me in the world. Alas! all abandon me in this calamitous moment. The Thebans insult my sorrows. I have not a friend from whom I can obtain a tear. I hear death who calls me, and the gods are silent. What are my crimes? If my piety was a crime I ought to expiate it by my death. If my enemies are guilty, I wish them no more dreadful punishments than those I suffer.”

The prize is not to be adjudged till after the representation of all the pieces. That of Sophocles was followed by some others, to which I had no longer the power to listen. I had no more tears to shed, no more attention to bestow.

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### AN ESSAY ON MAN.

**O**VER the whole earth the want of subsistence has made man a covetous being; every where it has put arms in his hand, at one time to dispute the grounds over-run with briars, at another the fields covered with corn, at another the retreat of the forests and the uncertain surface of the ocean. Nature has commanded him to strip the globe or to perish. He requires substances for food, for cloathing, and for lodging: he has found means to tear iron from the bowels of the earth to subdue the brute creation, and has turned against himself that metal which gave him the dominion of the universe. It is nature which, bestowing a voracious appetite, has enjoined him the carnage of other living creatures. He would die of hunger in three-



OLD MAN. O God! O angels of Heaven! Was that generous man your father?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He had a scar here—(pointing to his left cheek) he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

OLD MAN. His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off. O my child! my son!

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He died two years ago, and as he was poor, I am forced for subsistence to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said: Heaven he prais'd, I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come, my son, come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walk'd towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, said he to her, he that sav'd my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou can'st love him, I shall be happy to see you united! The young man was of an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appear'd to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man with tears of joy, said to them: My blessing rest upon you my children! This day has made me the most happy of mortals.

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### ACCOUNT OF THE ATHENIAN THEATRE.

*From Anacharsis' Travels.\**

I HAVE just been to see a tragedy; and in the confused state of my ideas, hastily commit to paper the impressions it has made upon me.

The theatre opened at break of day: I went thither with Philotas. Nothing can be so majestic as the first view. On

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\* In this interesting work, the author, the Abbe Barthlemi, supposes Anacharsis, a Scythian philosopher, to arrive in Greece about the middle of the fourth century before the christian æra, and that this work, which assumes the form of a journal, was written by him during his residence there. By this means he is enabled to describe events, and the manners and customs of the Grecians, with all the energy and perspicuity of an eye witness. E.



one side we see the stage ornamented with scenes executed by the ablest artists; and on the other, a vast amphitheatre lined with seats rising one above the other to a very great height; with landing-places and stairs, which, lengthened out, and intersecting each other at intervals, facilitate the communication, and divide the seats into several compartments, some of which are reserved for particular communities and classes of citizens.

The people flocked hither in crouds; they kept coming and going, ascending, descending, shouting, laughing, pressing and pushing each other, and braving the officers, who were running about on all sides to maintain order. Amid this tumult, the nine archons, or chief magistrates of the republic, the courts of justice, the senate of five hundred, the general officers of the army, the ministers of the altars successively arrived. These different bodies occupied the lower seats: above them were placed all the young men who had attained their eighteenth year. The women were stationed in a place that kept them at a distance from the men and the courtezans. The orchestra was empty. That was set apart for emulative contests in poetry, music, and dancing, which take place after the representation of the pieces; for here all the arts are united to gratify all tastes.

I saw some Athenians who had purple carpets spread under their feet, and were luxuriously lolling on cushions brought thither by their slaves; others, who before and during the representation, called for wine, fruit, and biscuits; others again, who briskly stepped upon the benches to choose a commodious place, and take it from the person then occupying it. They have a right so to do, said Philotas. It is a distinction they have received from the republic, as a recompence for services.

Observing that I was astonished at the number of spectators, he told me they might amount to about thirty thousand. The solemnity of these festivals, said he, attracts people from all parts of Greece, and diffuses a spirit of delirium among the inhabitants of this city. For many days you will see them neglect all business, deny themselves sleep, and spend part of the day here, without ever being satiated with the variety of exhibitions. This pleasure has double charms for them, as they but seldom taste it. The competition of dramatic pieces takes place only at two other festivals. But authors reserve all their efforts for this. We are promised seven or eight new pieces. Do not be surpris'd: every man in Greece who writes for the theatre is anxious to offer us the homage of his talents. Besides, we sometimes revive the pieces of our ancient authors; and the lists are about to be opened



make this journey but once a year, and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me than are to many the most straight and active. I don't doubt, father, replied the shepherd but it is very honourable to you, though I dare say another would be more useful. Without doubt you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below from the hollow of that rock?

OLD MAN. I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain and soon return'd.

When the old man had quench'd his thirst, he said: Let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty Power, and bless their valour; for without that you would have bow'd your neck beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the Echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! sweet liberty! it is thou that pourest felicity on this blessed land! All we see around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours, and the time of harvest is with us rejoicing days.

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He does not deserve to be a freeman who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

OLD MAN. But who in their place would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels I come once each year to the top of this mountain, but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of the battle, where liberty made us conquerors. See it was on that side the army of the enemy advanced. Thousands of lances glittered at a distance, with more than two hundred horsemen in sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they march'd, and the earth resounded with the horses' hoofs. Our little troop was already broke. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat was re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of Nefels in flames, filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of the hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immovable, and calling round him the dispersed troops. I hear the rattling of the standard that he



say'd in the air; it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees o'erthrown, in vain oppose their course; they o'erleap or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom, in that pool. So we ran to the cry of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Rank'd around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or to die. The enemy advancing in order of battle, pour'd down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we return'd to the charge, but always forced to retire to the shelter of these hills, we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last enforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and with a horrid crash lays waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in a most dreadful tumult, overthrew each other to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still further. I was in the midst of the battle. A horseman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and crush'd my leg. The foldier who fought nearest me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, and imploring heaven to aid us. Take care, good father, of this warrior, my deliverer cried, he has fought like a son of liberty! He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! But many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended; I was cur'd, but could not find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain. I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some saint of Paradise, or some angel would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew my gratitude. The young shepherd having heard the old warrior with tears in his eyes, said: No, father, in this life you never can show him your gratitude. The old man surpris'd, cry'd, heavens! What dost thou say? Dost thou then know, my son, who my deliverer was?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. I am much deceived if it was not my father. Often he has told me the story of that battle, and often I have heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the field of battle be still alive.



set made similar to that of Archimedes. It was composed of near four hundred plane glasses, of half a foot square. It melted lead and tin at the distance of one hundred and forty feet, and kindled wood at a far greater distance. The burning-glasses of Archimedes are certainly not to be regarded as chimeras; and shew, with other machines which his imagination and his science produced, that of all men he had most a right to exclaim, as he did to Hiero, his king and his kinsman, 'that if he had another earth on which to fix his machines, he would move this which we inhabit.'

It is most gratifying to the curious to observe the earliest attempts of those ingenious artists, who by the force of their own genius first sketched plans which appeared incredible to their cotemporaries; and which at length have been perfected. In Robert Hooke's Philosophical Collections, 1682, p. 14, will be found an account of the Sieur Besnier's mode of *flying in the air*; this indeed has been frequently attempted, but never brought to any degree of perfection. The danger is so great, that it will be sufficient to impede every human exertion. Besnier began first by springing from a stool, then from the top of a table, next from a pretty high window, then from a window in the second story, and at last from a garret, from whence he flew over the houses of his neighbours.

The succeeding article is far more worthy of our admiration. It is taken from an Italian book called *Prodromo*, by P. Francesco Lana, of which some account is given in the Philosophical Transactions. He calls it, 'A Demonstration, how it is practically possible to make a ship, which shall be sustained by the air, and may be moved either by sails or oars.'

The author says, 'I, whose genius hath always prompted me to endeavour to find out difficult inventions, do hope at length, I have light upon a way of making such an engine, as shall not only by its being lighter than the air raise itself in the air, but together with itself, buoy up, and carry into the air, *men*, or any other weight.' He confirms his scheme by experiments, and demonstrations drawn from the eleventh book of Euclid. Our ingenious father, after having concluded his explanations, and felicitated himself on his success, is terribly alarmed at the dreadful consequences which may ensue from this discovery. No city can be secure against the attacks of aerial warriors, and nations of barbarians may disturb, uninjured themselves, the civilized world. He says that *this ship* may discharge soldiers into a city by



night unobserved; destroy by artificial fires the sails and men of other ships, while the aerial enemy shall be out of the reach of gunshot. Mr. Hooke is however of opinion that our author need not feel such pious alarms, and attempts to overturn his scheme by some philosophical arguments, for which I refer the curious to the original.—What would Hooke have thought had he lived to see our modern AIR-BALLOON'S?

There is one *moral observation* I shall make.—When our inventor persuaded himself he had discovered so diabolical a machine, why did he reveal it to the world? He preferred his *own glory*, to it's *happiness*. The great Roger Bacon acted more nobly in his discovery of gunpowder, for he concealed it.

One Dupre, about twenty years ago, by force of chymical combinations had found the lost invention of *Greek fire*; a fire that kindles in the water, and acquires by it a greater activity. The French government, to whom he had offered his secret, had the wisdom not to employ this dreadful mode of increasing the destruction of men, and at the same time gave him a pension, that he should not dispose of the secret to any other power.

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## THE WOODEN LEG,

AN HELVETIC TALE.

*From the New Idyles of Gessner.*

ON the mountain from whence the torrent of Rauti precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe call'd Echo gaily from the hollow rocks, and Echo bid the vallies seven times resound his songs melodious. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing with pain the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanch'd his head. A staff bent beneath his heavy tottering steps, for he had a wooden leg. He approach'd the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd look'd at him with surprise, and his eyes were fix'd on the wooden leg. My son, said the old man, smiling, do you not think, that infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remain'd in the valley; know, however, that I



friends to the door of the street; and he invented this machine, to the no small astonishment of strangers, who were surpris'd, while they were descending the stair-case, to see Thonier appear at the door waiting for them. When they enquir'd how it was possible for him to have come there, he answer'd their inquiry with pleasantry or mysteriously. Nor was the mode discoverable, for the chair always ascended with greater velocity than it had descended.' I am sorry to add, that our ingenious mechanic dreadfully suffer'd from his machine breaking; so that he afterwards preferred the usual mode of conducting his friends to the door, to that of his curious machinery.

Another ingenious instrument is that called the *meridian sonnant* (sounding meridian.) It is said to have been invented by Rousseau. Mr. Twiss thus describes it in his 'Trip to Paris,' p. 44. 'It is an iron mortar which holds four pounds of gun-powder; it is loaded every morning, and exactly at noon the sun discharges the piece by means of a burning-glass, so placed that the focus at that moment fires the powder in the touch-hole.' Small meridians of this sort are sold in the shops.

The celebrated Pascal invented a singular *arithmetical machine*, by which all kinds of calculations can be made, not only without pain, and without counters, but even without a knowledge of arithmetic. It is unlucky that this ingenious machine is too voluminous to be employed in common use; as it is composed of a multiplicity of wheels and other pieces; and it could not have been otherwise.

In the preceding article we have noticed natural productions resembling artificial ones; we now notice artificial compositions resembling natural productions.

M. Vaucanson, by his fluting automaton, first delighted and surpris'd the ingenious in Paris and in London. It was a human figure which played on the German flute. He invented a similar image which played on the pipe and tabor. To these little miracles of art, he accomplished another, more singular. It was an artificial duck; inwards he formed all the intestines which are employed in eating, drinking, and digestion. He says, in his letter to the Abbe de Fontaines, 'The duck stretches out its neck to take corn out of the hand; it swallows it, digests it, and discharges it digested by the usual passage. The duck drinks, plays in the water with her bill, picks her feathers, and makes a garrulous noise like a living duck.' A more particular account of these singular automata may be found in a pamphlet translated by J. T. Desagulier, 1742. In that year these figures



were exhibited in the Hay-Market. At Paris in 1775, was exhibited an automatical operation of the most surprising nature. The ingenious artist, James Drotz, was a young native of Switzerland. His celebrated figure was a child of two years, seated on a stool before a desk, and writing on paper. The child dipped his pen, shaked the ink, and wrote whatever the spectator dictated. It placed properly the initials and capital letters; left a proper interval between the lines, and, in a word, wrote with beauty and correctness, and kept its eyes fixed on the paper. When the work was finished, he brought it to the ingenious artist, and laid it beside him. Vaucanson was present at this exhibition; it formed his admiration and despair. He was astonished at the exact and rapid execution of this machine, which appeared to have no communication with its author. The stranger offered to reveal the mystery to him, Vaucanson refused. The Greeks in one of their festivals had a ship equipped with sails, and a thousand oars, which passed through the streets, to the Eleusinian temple: certain springs, concealed in the bottom of the ship, gave motion to the oars, and glided on the vessel. The statue of Nyssa, the nurse of Bacchus, was twelve feet in height; seated in a car, it rose of itself, and after having poured libations of milk from a golden phial, it seated itself again. In the article 'Magical Superstitions,' p. 353, are noticed other curious automata, which resemble animal life. The art of clock-work was certainly known in the age of Homer. He has thus described some automata in the 18th Book of the Iliad. Vulcan is attended by such images, as well as the moving tripods:

'The monarch' steps, two female forms uphold,  
That mov'd and breath'd in animated gold;  
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given,  
Of work divine, (such wonders are in heaven')

POPE.

The famous glass sphere of Archimedes, in which it is said the motions of the heavenly bodies were represented, is probably fictitious; it is one of those popular errors of which the ancients had not sufficient knowledge to perceive the improbability. His other celebrated invention of burning-glasses, which destroyed the ships of Marcellus, at the siege of Syracuse, is more creditable; although this has not been treated with more respect by philosophers than his glass sphere. Buffon has proved the probability of such a wonderful force in burning-glasses. He had a



to amuse myself as I pleased, and to perform my devotions. To this end he shewed me an altar to the left hand in the cave, as a shrine of peculiar holiness, and then left me to myself.

I saw through the apertures of a large brass screen of foliage work, several lamps gleaming under the altar; upon this I knelt down close before it, to get as good a view of it as I could through these interstices. Within was still another lattice of fine brass wire curiously wrought, so that the object behind it could only be distinguished as through a transparent gauze.

I perceived a beautiful lady, by the solemn light of the lamps.

She lay as if in a kind of trance, the eyes half shut, the head negligently reclining on the right hand, which was ornamented with several rings. I could not be satisfied in contemplating the figure; it seemed peculiarly charming. Her dress, composed of gilt metal curiously wrought, was a close imitation of cloth of gold. The head and hands are of white marble; I cannot take upon me to say, in a high style, but yet so naturally and agreeably carved, that it is impossible not to believe that they breathe and move.

A little angel stands near her, and seems to fan her with a bunch of lilies.

While I was thus employed in considering the figure, the ecclesiastics came into the cave, placed themselves in their stalls, and sung vespers.

I seated myself on a bench facing the altar, and heard them for a while. I then repaired again to the altar, knelt down, strove to get a fuller and plainer sight of the beautiful image of the saint; and resigned my soul to the ravishing illusion of the figure and the place.

The choral symphonies of the ecclesiastics now resounded through the cave; the water falling from the various pipes into the reservoir close by the altar; the overhanging rock of the forecourt; the glimmering light of the body of the church, added greatly to the awfulness of the scene. The universal silence of the desert around, the perfect neatness of this sylvan cave; the gaudy decorations of the popish, particularly the Sicilian, worship; the illusion produced by the figure of the sleeping beauty, charming even to a skilful eye—suffice, it was with great difficulty that I could resolve on quitting this enchanting place; and it was not till late in the night that I got back to Palermo.



I have many times since laughed at myself on this subject; and thought to attribute the pleasure I felt there to the humour of the moment and a glass or two of good Sicilian wine, more than to the objects themselves: but, in my vindication, I found in the voyage *Pittoresque de la Sicile*, the following passage: "La statue est de bronze dore, avec les mains et la tete en marbre blanc, mais si parfaitement sculptee et dans un position si naturelle, que l'on ferait tente de la croire vivante." So that, after this testimony, I need not be ashamed at the impression this lifeless image made upon me.

By the side of the church and the little cloister adjoining to it, are several other caverns, nearly equal in magnitude to that I have been describing, which serve for the protection, and as the natural stalls, of the numerous herds of goats with which these parts abound.

### INGENIOUS PIECES OF MECHANISM.

THE learned Kircher, to shew the mode by which the ancient priests imposed on the people in their Delphic oracle, invented a tube, which was placed in his bed chamber, and when any one called to him at his garden gate, which was at a considerable distance, he heard them distinctly, and returned an answer by the same conveyance. When he removed this tube into his Museum, he fixt it in a statue, which opened its mouth, rolled its eyes, and appeared to have all the motions of speech. He called it the Delphic oracle. This, which was a wonderful invention in his day, has been of late exhibited throughout Europe, at all prices; and among its auditors were many who would have been valuable votarists to the ancient priests of Delphos.

I refer the reader, for an accurate description of two curious artificial inventions by Anthemius, to Mr. Gibbon's *Decline of the Roman Empire*, Vol. IV. p. 90. 4to.

It is said in the *Fureteriana*, that one 'Thonier contrived a chair, which was placed by the side of the window, and which was made in the form of a balcony: this curious machine sunk or rose with great velocity, by means of a counterpoise. Being frequently indisposed, it was inconvenient to him to conduct his



again to return upon earth. I will leave the air to the birds, and the sea to the fish; for I am a land animal, and to the land will I confine myself. Send me whither you please; I will go to the furthest East, or even round the world, provided I never quit my footing upon the earth. I know very well, the divines insist there is as much danger by land as by sea. It may be so. But I beseech you to permit me there, to give up my life where I first received it. I like that saying of one of the antients, "*He who is shipwrecked a second time, cannot lay the fault upon Neptune.*"

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### EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL. ROSALIA'S SANCTURY.

**T**HE holy Rosalia, guardian-saint of Palermo, is so universally known by the description which Brydone has given of her festival, that it may here be not unpleasing to read somewhat of the place where she is particularly adored.

The monte Pellegrino, a huge mass of rock, broader than it is high, stands at the north-west end of the gulf of Palermo. It is beyond the power of words to describe the beauty of its form; an imperfect draught of it is to be found in the *Voyage Pittoresque de la Sicile*. It consists of a grey chalk-stone of the first epocha; the whole rocky substance is quite bare; no tree, not even a shrub, grows upon it: scarcely are the flats of it covered with a sort of turf and moss.

In a cave in this mountain, the bones of the saint were found about the beginning of the last century, and brought to Palermo. Their presence delivered the city from a pestilence; and Rosalia, from that moment has been the tutelar saint of the nation; chapels were built, and splendid solemnities were instituted to her honour.

Pious pilgrims industriously repair to the summit of the mountain; and a road has been constructed at a vast expence, which rests, like an aqueduct, on pillars and arches, and ascends in a zigzag along a fissure in the rock.

The place of devotion itself is more suitable to the humility of the saint who made it her refuge, than the pompous celebra-



tion that is instituted to the honour of her complete dereliction of the world. And perhaps all christendom, which has now, for eighteen hundred years, been accumulating its opulence, erecting its magnificence, and instituting its solemn entertainments on the wretchedness of its first founders and most bigoted confessors, has no sacred place to shew which is ornamented and revered in so harmless and sentimental a manner.

When you have ascended the mountain, you turn an angle of the rock, where it rises against you like a steep wall, on which the church and the monastery adjoining are both constructed.

The outside of the church has nothing inviting or promising: the gate was opened without delay; and, on entering, I was surprised in an extraordinary manner. I found myself in a spacious hall or parlour which runs the whole breadth of the church, and opens to the nave. Here are seen the usual vessels with holy-water and some confessionals. The body of the church is an open court; inclosed on the right side by the rude rock, on the left by a continuation of the hall. The roof is covered with flat stones, with a proper slope for the rain to run off; and there is a well of water in the middle of the church.

The cave itself is formed into the choir; without being in the least deprived of its natural rude appearance. A few steps lead up to it; in front stands the great desk with the anthem books; and on each side are the seats of the choristers. All the daylight that enters is from the court or nave. At the farther end, in the dark recess of the cave, stands the high-altar.

In the cave nothing has been altered, as before observed; but, as the rock is always dripping with water, it was necessary to keep the place dry. This has been effected by means of leaden pipes, conducted along the ridges of the rock, and connected artificially together. As these are broad at top and run to a point below, and are neatly painted of a green colour, it looks as if the inside of the cave was grown over with the Indian fig. The water is conducted partly sideways, partly hindwards, into a clear reservoir, from whence the faithful take it in vessels, and use it against all diseases.

While I was viewing these objects with attention, an ecclesiastic came up, and asked me, whether I was a Genoese, and would have some masses said? I replied, that I was come to Palermo in company with a Genoese, who would come up the mountain to-morrow which was a church holiday. As one of us must remain at home, I was come out to-day for the purpose of looking about me. He complaisantly said, that I was at liberty



matins, terrified by the movements of the earth, ran into my chamber armed with crosses and relicks, imploring the mercy of heaven. A Prior, whose name was David, and who was considered as a saint, was at their head. The sight of these inspired us with a little courage. We proceeded to the church, which was already crouded; and here we remained during the rest of the night, expecting every moment the completion of the prophecy.

It is impossible to describe the horrors of that night. The elements were let loose. The noise of the thunder, the winds, and the rain, the roarings of the enraged sea, the heavings of the convulsed earth, and the distracted cries of those who felt themselves staggering on the brink of death, were dreadful beyond imagination. Never was there such a night! As soon as we apprehended that day was at hand, the altars were prepared, and the Priests dressed themselves for mass. Trembling we lifted up our eyes to heaven, and then fell prostrate upon the earth.

The day at length appears. But what a day! Its horrors were more terrible than those of the night. No sooner were the higher parts of the city, a little more calm, than we were struck with the out-cries which we heard towards the sea. Anxious to discover what passed there, and still expecting nothing but death, we became desperate, and instantly mounting our horses, rode down to the shore.

Heavens! what a sight! vessels wrecked in the harbour. The strand covered with bodies, which had been dashed against the rocks by the fury of the waves. Here you saw the brains of some, and the entrails of others; there the palpitating struggles of yet remaining life. You might distinguish the groans of the men, and the shrieks of the women, even through the noise of the thunder, the roaring of the billows and the crash of the falling houses. The sea regarded not either the restraints of men, or the barriers of nature. She no longer knew the bounds, which had been set by the Almighty.

That immense mole, which stretching itself out on each hand, forms the port, was buried under the tumult of the waves; and the lower parts of the city, were so much deluged that you could not pass along the streets without danger of being drowned.

We found near the shore, about a thousand Neapolitan knights, who had assembled, as it were, to attend the funeral obsequies of their country. This splendid troop gave me a little courage.



If I die, said I to myself, it will at least be in good company. Scarce had I made this reflection, when I heard a general clamour every where around me. The sea had sapped the foundations of the place where we stood, and it was at this moment giving way. We fled therefore to a more elevated ground. Hence we beheld a most tremendous sight! The sea between Naples and Capræa, was covered with moving mountains: they were neither green, as in the ordinary state of the ocean, nor black as in common storms, but white.

The young Queen rushed out of the palace bare footed; her hair dishevelled, and her dress in the greatest disorder. She was followed by a train of females, whose dress was as loose and disorderly as her own. They went to throw themselves at the feet of the blessed virgin, crying aloud, "*Mercy! Mercy!*"

Towards the close of the day, the storm abated, the sea was calm, and the heavens serene. Those who were upon the land suffered only the pains of fear; but it was otherwise with those who were upon the water. Some Marseilles galleys, last from Cyprus, and now ready to weigh anchor, were sunk before our eyes, nor could we give them the least assistance. Larger vessels from other nations met with the same fate in the midst of the harbour. Not a soul was saved!

There was a very large vessel which had on board, four hundred criminals, under sentence of death. The mode of their punishment had been changed, and they were reserved as a forlorn hope, to be exposed in the first expedition against Sicily. This ship, which was stout and well built, sustained the shocks of the waves till sun-set: but now she began to loosen, and to fill with water. The criminals, who were a hardy set of men, and less dismayed with death as they had lately seen him so near at hand, struggled with the storm, and by a bold and vigorous defence, kept death at bay till the approach of night. But their efforts were in vain. The ship began to sink: determined, however, to put off as far as possible, the moment of dissolution, they ran aloft, and hung upon the masts and rigging. At this moment, the tempest was appeased; and these poor convicts were the only persons whose lives were saved in the port of Naples. Lucan says, *Fortune preserves the guilty*. And do we not find by daily experience that lives of little moment easily escape the perils to which they are exposed.

I trust that this storm will be a sufficient security against all solicitations to make me risk my life upon the ocean. This is the only thing in which I shall dare to be a rebel: but in this, I would not obey the Pope, nor even my father himself was he



seeds further advanced, and belonging to blossoms about to open, or already expanded, are in the same state.

The cavity is not visible till the third or fourth day after the falling of the flowers; it is then found to be full of a transparent liquor. The seeds and the cavity increase together, and fifteen or twenty days after the fall of the petals, the cavity contains a body, which, when magnified, seems to be split into two, though the observer cannot be certain of this till afterwards; when if he opens seeds nearer maturity, he will find them to divide very easily into two portions. These portions are manifestly the two lobes, within which is contained the tender nascent plantule. If the lobes and the plantule be treated with extreme care, a mucous filament is found attached to the plantule, which, after passing between the lobes, is implanted in the substance of the little seeds. The lobes and the plantule are merely developed in process of time. They are covered, as in the abovementioned broom, with the integuments of the seed.

VII. I shall relate at once my observations upon pease and kidney-beans, the appearances they offered being perfectly alike. The seeds are found in the ovarium full formed, when the flowers are a little advanced, and when the buds are yet scarce visible. The seeds now seem to consist of an homogeneous substance, and are without any internal cavity. The same may be said of them when they are become many times larger, and when the powder of the antheræ is ripe. The cavity begins to be visible some days after the withering of the flowers, and in ten or twelve days more it is enlarged, and a white mucilaginous point connected by a slender filament with the seeds, may be perceived in it. This point is the rudiment of the lobes, between which the plantule may be distinguished by the aid of the microscope. What follows may easily be imagined: the lobes and plantule increase in size, and their increase implies the growth of the seeds which contain the lobes.

If we compare these observations upon kidney beans and pease with the foregoing upon brooms and beans, we shall find that they all contribute to prove that the seeds, or their integuments, exist before fecundation, but that the plantule and the lobes cannot be seen till afterwards.

It would therefore appear, that these results do not agree with my observations on amphibious animals: for in them I found the fetuses before impregnation. But we are immediately to conclude, that in the process of generation nature follows two different methods in plants and in animals? The principles of sound reasoning do not permit me to make so hasty a declaration; they require, that I should continue my researches on plants.



*Account of an Earthquake at Naples ; in a letter from Petrarch to Cardinal Colonna.*

A MONK who was the Bishop of a neighbouring Island, and held in great esteem for his sanctity, and skill in Astrology, had foretold, that Naples was to be destroyed by an earthquake on the 25th of November. This prophecy spread such terror through the city, that the inhabitants abandoned their affairs to prepare themselves for death. Some hardy spirits indeed ridiculed those, who betrayed marks of fear at the approach of a thunder storm ; and as soon as the storm was over jestingly cried out "*See the prophecy has failed.*"

As to myself, I was in a state between fear and hope ; but I must confess, that fear sometimes got the ascendant. Accustomed to a colder climate, and in which a thunder storm in winter was a rare phenomenon, I considered what I now saw as a threatening from heaven.

On the eve of the night in which the prophecy was to be fulfilled, a number of females more attentive to the impending evil, than to the decorum of their sex, ran half naked through the streets, pressing their children to their bosoms. They hastened to prostrate themselves in the churches, which they deluged with their tears, crying out with all their might, "*Have mercy, O Lord! Have mercy upon us!*"

Moved, distressed with the general consternation, I retired early to the convent of St. Lawrence. The Monks went to rest at the usual hour. It was the seventh day of the moon : and as I was anxious to observe in what manner she would set, I stood looking at my window, till she was hid from my sight by a neighbouring mountain. This was a little before midnight. The moon was gloomy and overcast ; nevertheless I found myself tolerably composed, and went to bed. But scarce had I closed my eyes, when I was awakened by the loud rattling of my chamber windows. I felt the walls of the convent violently shaken from their foundations. The lamp, which I always kept lighted through the night, was extinguished. The fear of death laid fast hold upon me.

The whole city was in commotion, and you heard nothing but lamentations, and confused exhortations to make ready for the dreadful event. The Monks, who had risen to sing their



might be shaken from the antheræ by the slightest agitation, and diffused itself in a cloud through the air. In the seeds I could not at this period discover either lobes or plantule, but they were of a greenish colour and uniform substance, which was spongy and full of moisture. Yet I could distinguish the lobes and plantule in the ripe seeds contained in those pods, which had acquired a black colour, and were grown dry. It was therefore necessary to infer, that the two lobes and the plantule are either generated, or rendered visible during the ripening of the seeds. Hence, in order to discover the generation or the appearance of these parts, I was obliged to continue my observations till I had gained some satisfaction upon this curious and interesting point.

I began with the ovaria or pods, from which the flowers had fallen some time. In ten days afterwards there was no difference. On the eleventh some new appearances began to take place in the seeds. They were no longer round, but resembled an heart, of which the basis were attached to the pod by an appendix, and towards the apex, when gently compressed, there appeared a whitish point in motion. When the heart was cut open longitudinally and the inside inspected, this white point proved to be a small cavity, inclosing a drop of liquor, which had been made to move by the pressure of the fingers.

Twenty-one days after the pods were stripped of their flowers, the cavity, which at first appeared at the apex, was enlarged, and extended much farther towards the base; it was full of a transparent liquor, with which the spongy substance of the seeds was also moist. On the twenty-fifth day the cavity was more enlarged, and still full of liquor; it moreover contained a very small semi-transparent body, of a yellowish colour, gelatinous, and fixed by its two opposite ends to the sides of the cavity.

In a month the seed was much enlarged, and its shape is changed from a heart to a kidney; the little body contained in the cavity is increased in bulk, is become less transparent and gelatinous, but there appears no sign of organization.

On the fortieth day the cavity, now grown larger, is quite filled with the body, which deserves to be more particularly examined. It is surrounded by a thin membrane, somewhat viscid and tender; after this membrane is removed, the body appears bare, and without any other teguments; it is of a bright green colour, and may easily be divided by the point of a needle into two portions, in which are manifestly recognized the two lobes; within these we may easily perceive the plantule exceedingly small, and attached to the lower part. The lobes, together



with the membrane, are afterwards defended by a husk or skin, which forms the outside of the seed.

The reader will easily guess what afterwards happened to the pods as they grew riper. The lobes and the plantule were only more and more developed, and by degrees acquired greater firmness. And in this manner did the seeds of the broom arrive at maturity.

V. The foregoing observations shew, 1. That the seeds of this species exist in the ovarium many days before fecundation. 2. That they remain for some time solid, and then a cavity, containing a liquid, is formed in them. 3. That after fecundation a body begins to appear within the cavity, fixed by two points to the sides; and when in process of time it has attained a larger size, it proves to be the two lobes inclosing the plantule. 4. That the ripe seed consists of two lobes adhering to the plantule, and surrounded by a thin membrane, which is itself covered with a husk or cuticle.

These deductions illustrate the generation of the plant in question. We learn, that the embryos do not appear till after the falling of the flowers, and consequently not till after fecundation, though the seeds, or to speak more properly, the integuments of the seeds may be seen long before.

VI. Having analysed the fructification of this species of broom, I proceeded to that of the common bean, *vicia faba*. I began with those which had the smallest blossoms. They appear externally of a green colour, and likewise internally, if the tender petals be unravelled; here and there, indeed, the green approaches to white. The stamina are visible; the antheræ, instead of pollen, exhibit a viscid gelatinous substance. The pistil is of a white and green colour; towards the apex it is villous, and within the base or ovarium, if it be inspected against the light, may be perceived the seeds. It may be remarked, that the ovarium of the bean more easily splits in two than that of the broom, and that the seeds of the former plant are in like circumstances larger than those of the latter. The seeds of the bean are roundish, but on one side there is an hooked and sharp beak. They are semi-transparent, gelatinous, and when opened, are found to be solid and without a cavity.

If blossoms not quite so small be examined, the powder of the stamina is perceptible; it is found to be imbedded in a glutinous substance. The ovarium having now attained a larger size, contains seeds proportionally increased in size; they are neither so gelatinous nor so transparent, but they contain no cavity. Other



either in versification, or invention, are extremely slender; yet, it had the knack of striking the right string, "that chord, which when properly touched, the human heart is so formed, as to vibrate in unison with it!" The same pen has produced several sonnets breathing the genuine language of poetry, and good taste, tender, pathetic, and delicately sentimental, inspiring the raptures of love, and the soft emotions of desire.

## ON THE GENERATION OF PLANTS.

BY THE ABBE SPALLANZANI.

I. **W**HOEVER is acquainted with natural history cannot be ignorant, that the three principal systems respecting the generation of animals, the system of the *ovarists*, that of the *vermiculists*, and that founded upon the *two liquors*, have been transferred, with the necessary modifications, to plants. Some think, that the embryos pre-exist in the ovarium, others that they are transported thither in the impregnating powder, and others believe, that they are generated in the ovarium, by the combination of two fecundating principles, the one furnished by the pistil, the other by the stamina.

My chief purpose being to investigate the generation of certain plants, I conceive there can be no better way to arrive at truth, than to fix my attention chiefly upon the ovarium. That I might have the greater chance of surprising nature in her operations, I determined to examine this organ at three different periods; before fecundation, at the time it takes place, and after it has been effected; or, what amounts to the same thing, after the aspersions of the pollen. I was therefore obliged to examine the flowers while they were yet closed, when they were in full blossom, for that is the season of impregnation, and after the petals had dropped. I begin with the species denominated by Linnæus and others. *spartium junceum*, rushy-twigg'd broom.

II. From the nature of this plant, as well as of others without number, the flowers of the same branch are not all equally forward, some being in the state of a small bud—these are situated highest on the branch; others already blown, or about to blow—these occupy an intermediate situation; and others again fallen or falling—these grow on the lowest part. The same branch therefore furnished matter for various observations. The smallest buds were first to be examined. They are perfectly compact, and form a solid body, scarce a line in length. If they be dex-



terously opened with fine instruments, the petals may be disentangled and brought into view. They are of a light green, without any tinge of yellow, which is the colour of the ripe flowers. When the petals are removed, the stamina and pistil, the organs of generation, come into view. The powder of the antheræ may be perceived; it is far from being ripe, as is evident, not only from the extreme minuteness of the granules of which it is composed, but from its want of volatility, a property it eminently possesses when mature. It is now fixed to the antheræ by means of a viscid matter. The pistil, extremely tender, arises from the middle of the flowers. If its base be freed from the surrounding teguments, and attentively examined with a glass, the pod may be seen formed about one tenth of a line in length. If the pod be examined externally, several tumours may be seen along the sides, which, when observed against the light, are found to be produced by granules lodged within the pod, or as I shall call it, the ovarium. Upon opening the ovarium longitudinally, these granules are found to be seeds, of very small size and round shape; they are distributed in their natural order, in so many depressions or sockets, and attached by filaments (*appicature*) to the inside of the ovarium, just as the ripe seeds are in the ripe and dry pods of the plant. These seeds are not found, upon dissection, to consist of an external cover, and a nucleus composed of two lobes, with a germ or plantule, as in their mature state; but they exhibit an apparently homogeneous substance, spongy, and like a tender jelly. From the reasonable supposition which I formed, that these are the seeds, it follows, that they exist in the ovaria at least twenty days before the flower is in full bloom, or in other words, before fecundation. Flowers at least of equal size of another branch, growing from the green stem of the same plant, were not full-blown before the twenty-fifth day.

III. The dissection of several buds, larger by about one half than the preceding, presented the following phenomena. The petals, which were beginning to assume a yellowish hue, were not now so close and compact; and the fecundating powder still adhered to the summits. The stamina were become longer and thicker, as also was the pistil. The ovarium was not so small, and the seeds had grown in proportion; their substance was not so gelatinous, though it continued still homogeneous and spongy.

In flowers a little further advanced, the only difference consisted in an increased size of the petals, stamina, pistil, and seeds. Nor was there any essential change when the petals were examined, and the powder of the stamina, being now mature,



## ANECDOTES OF DOCTOR WOOLCOT.

**D**R. WOOLCOT or WALCOT, a country surgeon, a Jamaican clergyman, and lastly a satyrical poet, possessing a rich vein of humour, and a lively imagination. Wit, that dangerous weapon, which few of us possess without exercising it at the expense of our neighbours, rendered his country situation uncomfortable, and he was induced, by repeated altercations, at last to relinquish physic, which he had practised for some years, in a Cornish borough.

A blind story has been circulated, of his having experienced the fate of Dryden, who was "prais'd and cudgel'd for another's rhymes."—Nor is it improbable, that a man of genius, surrounded by rustic dulness, or envious malignity, should repay insult with sarcasm, and occasionally feel the resentment of those who had strong arms, but weak heads.

He went to Jamaica in the train of governor Trelawney, and officiated, for some time, as a clergyman in that island: but that correctness of manners, that uniformity of dress and behaviour, which we naturally look for in a pastor, were incompatible with the eccentric impulses of our poet, who soon got rid of what one of his predecessors has called, the mechanical part of the priesthood, and stimulated by the consciousness of superior merit, hastened to the metropolis.

Having assumed the name of PETER PINDAR, he has long amused the world, while kings, silly lords, feeble connoisseurs, dawdling painters, and dull historians, have snarled under his lash. His attacks on a certain *exalted* character, were in some instances perfectly fair, but in others, the satirist has forgot that a king had a right to be treated like a gentleman. The wicked, but witty couplet on the regal malady, was inhuman and unjustifiable.

Yet our pleasant and enlightened satyrist, has been efficacious as well as entertaining; some he has punished, and what is of much more importance, some he has reformed. Several persons well known at court, and in the belles lettres, were fair game—and he has completely hunted them down—the empty peer, pert, arrogant and insipid, with no claim to notice, but a royal nod has shrunk to his original insignificance. Affected connoisseurs, ignorant patrons, and pretended literati, have diminished their tumid importance, and unmerited pretensions. From eating



raw meat, and baking themselves in ovens, our men of science have engaged in more rational pursuits, and have turned their attention to objects, at once useful and ornamental. Some of the late productions of this author, have been said to degenerate into dulness and common place. Can we be surprised if this is the case? Where is the mind stored with inexhaustible materials? Will the field that never lies fallow, annually produce a plentiful crop?

As he is said not to be impelled by the spur of pressing necessity, some friend should advise him to abstain for a time from the press, so will he return with renewed vigour, and enter again the lists with strength unimpaired. To be everlastingly drawing from the sources of intellect and invention, without giving time for ideas to germinate and shoot forth, must ultimately produce barrenness of soil, or a product crude, half formed, and untimely.

The forte of PETER PINDAR, lies in telling droll stories, and reciting ridiculous anecdotes, but he degenerates occasionally into party virulence, and is sometimes culpably indelicate; besides—

“The stale story, and antiquated jest,

“When oft repeated, lose at last their zest.”

His failure as a prose writer, is singular; bad language, broken periods, and dissonant phrase, mark it so strongly, that being once shewn a short prosaic composition of the bard's in manuscript, I could scarcely believe it his, had I not recognized his hand writing.

In addressing panegyric strains towards Carleton House, PETER PINDAR appears to be totally out of his element, nor has he in any instance handled his pen with worse grace.

“*Il n'est pas de cette étoffe qu'il est fait.*”

He is not formed by nature, nor as I am told by inclination, for a bestower of the meed of praise: and, however, in this instance the subject may merit commendation, our poet is neither select, happy, or appropriate.

He has been justly styled the Hogarth of Parnassus, whatever struck him in the scenes of life, either shabby, affected, base, mean or enormous, he has placed in a point of view, at once, odious, ridiculous, and irresistably laughable. I once read his lines on the midnight freaks of cats, which he describes as he saw them from a window by moon-light, standing in his shirt, and it produced in the company greater bursts of merriment, than I ever saw produced by any literary composition. Its merits,



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J U L Y 24, 1797.

In these mountains are to be found eight or ten kinds of chrysalizations of *Carbonate* and *Sulphate of lime*, two kinds, or rather two varieties of *Chrysolite*; two kinds of black *Schorl* lightly tinged with cinnamon colour, many *mines of Iron* more or less oxidized; many *ferruginous clays*, much mixed; *Pozzolana*, *Volcanic ashes*, *Basaltic columns* of 3, 4, 5 and 6 sides, lava of all shapes, &c. &c.

The many volcanic products, their craters, the old trees which surround or cover them, prove that the volcanos have been extinguished many ages, and that the whole island has been burnt. The signs of this vast conflagration have all the appearances of great age, and yet the *Chrysolites* are quickly destroyed by the alternate action of rain and sun; the iron contained in them is oxidized, and then they effloresce and fall on the *basaltes* where they are found.

One of these mountains is very improperly called the Thumb, which it no way resembles. There are two chains of mountains in the West of the Island, the summits of which are nearly of the same height. The highest of all is called the *Peak of Black River Hill*, and is about 424 fathoms high. It is situated in the W. S. W. The others in general are from 3, to 400 fathoms above the surface of the sea. From the position of these mountains are formed the ports of East and West. There is besides another chain of mountains running from the E. S. E. to the West.

There are vast plains interspersed, amongst these mountains. These plains are elevated to the height of 300 fathoms in the middle of the Island, and are covered with different kinds of trees; many of them are uninhabited on account of the rain which falls almost daily on them. A cold, and unwholesome air is the cause of many diseases, from which the inhabitants endeavour to preserve themselves by making use of spirituous liquors.

Upon one of the highest of these plains is to be found a large basin, always filled with water. This has been considered as a very curious phenomenon, and upon its formation a thousand absurdities have been said. For my part having attentively examined it, I find nothing more simple or more natural. The *basaltes* and the lava of all kinds of which it is formed, evidently demonstrate that it was formerly the mouth of a volcano, long since extinguished. The S. W. the W. S. W. and the N. W. mountains which are situated about a league and a half from the basin, and raised from 60 to 80 feet above it furnish it with water. The water is even seen to pass up into the basin, so that there can be no doubt from whence it comes in the mind of the mineralogist.



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nors of the island, being either sailors or captains of ships regarded it simply as a place for vessels to stop at, and have by no means encouraged agriculture. To Labourdonnaye, who may with justice be styled the founder of the colony, the island is indebted for all the works of beauty, grandeur or utility that are to be found in it. Had his successors followed his example, this colony would at present have been much more rich and flourishing.

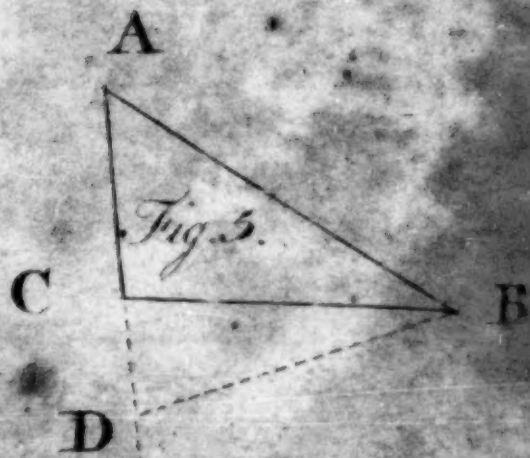
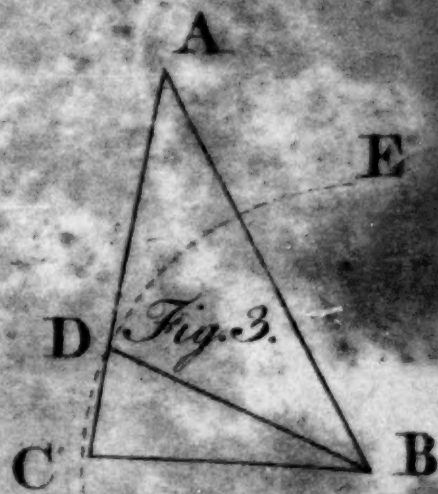
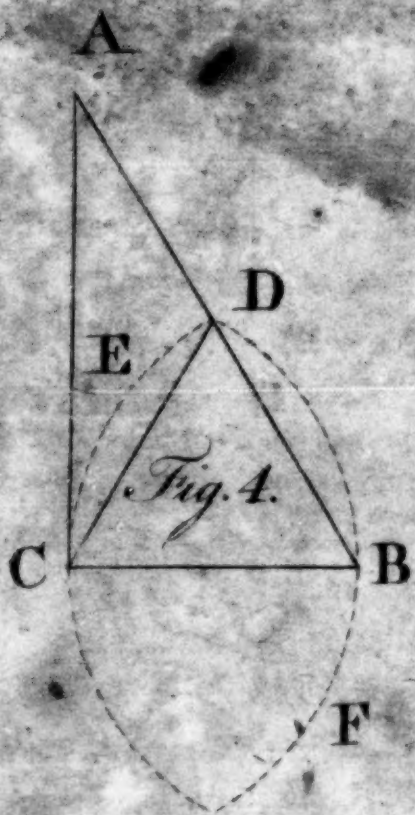
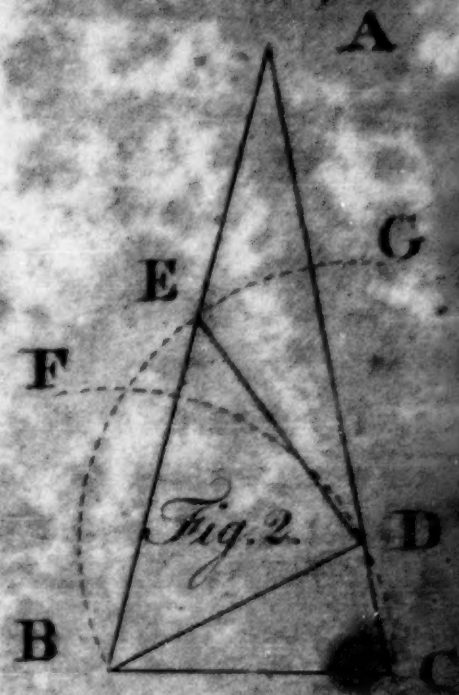
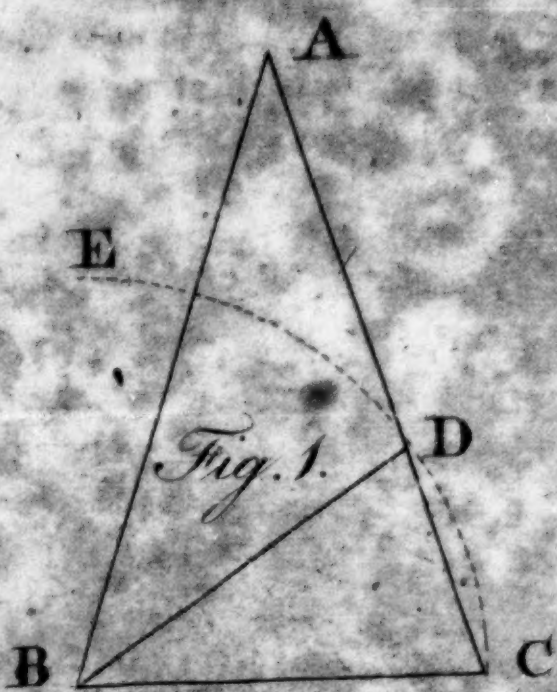
I am however far from believing that all parts of the island can or ought to be cultivated; it would be as pernicious as it would be imprudent to despoil the mountains of their lofty forests, and entirely to clear the heights in the interior of the island. There are low and marshy places where the soil only produces small degenerate trees. Besides, it is necessary these woods on the heights should be preserved, for by them alone is the rest of the island fertilized. These forests by attracting the clouds, feed the rivers and the creeks. The inhabitants of Pamplemousse, the best cultivated district in the island, but that in which there are fewest woods, already strongly feel their want. The runs in that quarter are singularly diminished, and during the hot months are not even sufficient to turn the sugar-mills.

The greatest difficulty which agriculture has to encounter is the total want of public roads which would form communications between the different districts. Even the roads from one plantation to another, are for the most part impassable for carriages, for which reason the produce is obliged to be carried on the heads of slaves to *Port North-west*.

I have penetrated into the interior part of the island; I have climbed the highest mountains, in order to examine the arrangement of the Basaltes, and to ascertain the different kinds of volcanised stones, their nature, their composition, their disposition, and the disorder and confusion in which they have fallen. In analysing I made use of the blow-pipe, but an extraordinary accident deprived me of my Platina spoon—I was analyzing a small piece *Kalin of Laplatta*, which I had placed upon it: hardly had the metal began to oxide, when all at once it detonated violently, by which two persons were overthrown at my side; I myself was wounded in my right hand, and in my right eye-lid, by the stroke of the handle of my spoon, which was thrown many paces—On examining the spoon, I perceived a violet coloured line extended from the centre to the handle. The kalin entirely disappeared; the ebony handle was much shattered. It would be well to seek the cause for this accident; for this reason I have thought proper to mention it to you.



For the American Universal Magazine





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TO OUR  
READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*MUCH irregularity has heretofore prevailed in the delivery of the numbers of this Magazine; this error we shall endeavour to rectify in future.*

*The communications of the correspondent who favoured us with a translation of Ovid's *Cave of Sleep* will always be acceptable.*

*The person who announces himself as "A BACHELOR" certainly deserves our pity; his "Ten Plagues of Courtship" are truly horrible; and his "ten expeditions" were certainly unfortunate, but were he to try the eleventh "excursion," perhaps he might prove more successful.*

*The ingenious mathematical Theorems of I. C. shall appear as soon as we can have the explanatory plate engraved.*

*A number of communications are under consideration.*

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THE  
AMERICAN  
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

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JULY 24, 1797.

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TRANSLATED FOR THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE  
ISLE OF FRANCE.

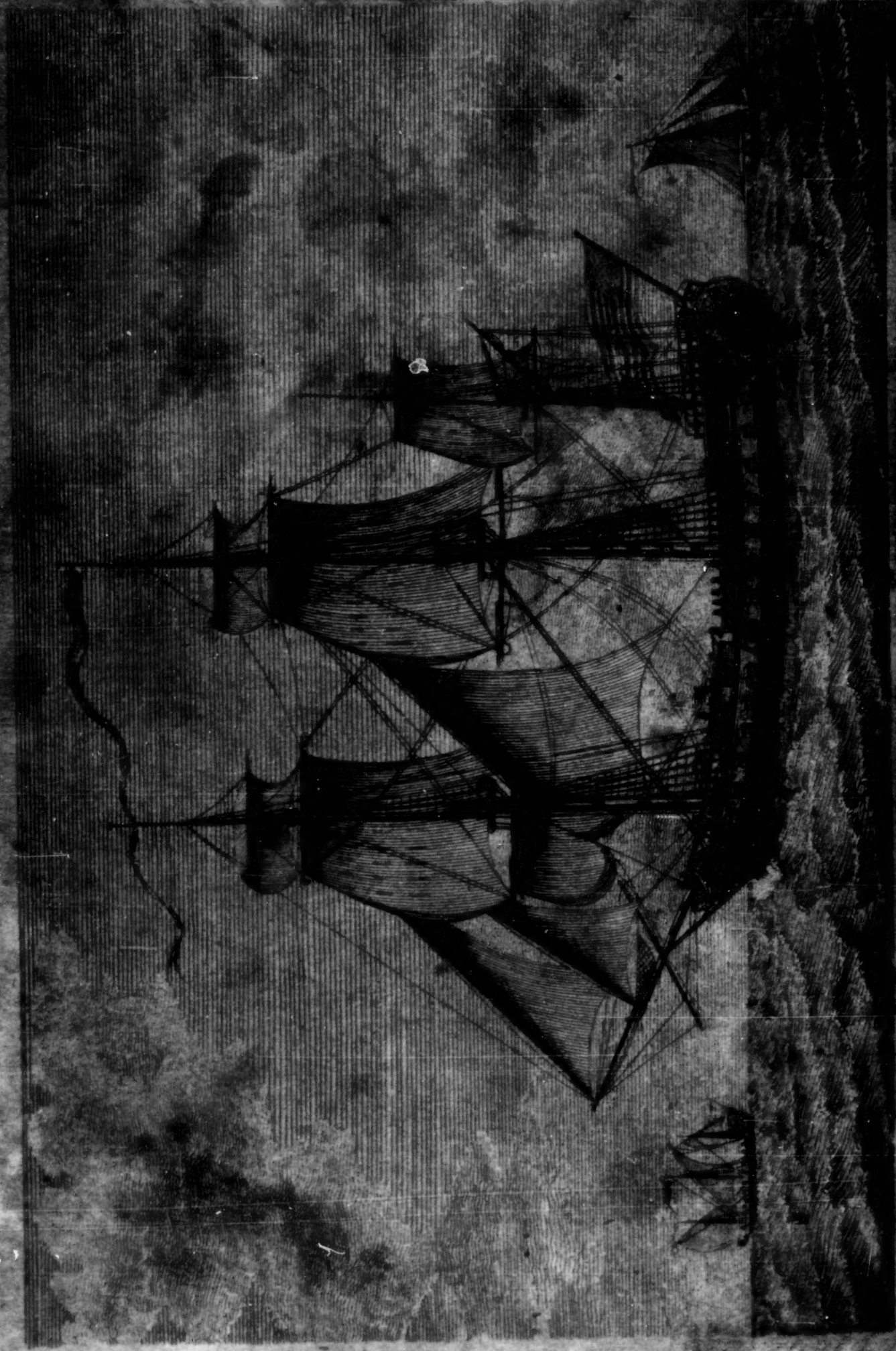
*Extract of a letter from Jean Mace, naturalist, at present  
in the Isle of France, to A. L. Millen.*

WHEN leaving you, my friend, I promised to impart to you my observations on the country I was going to inhabit. I will give you a sketch of what appears to me most proper to satisfy your curiosity, and as one of our principle studies is that of nature, I will particularly enlarge on what relates to it.

The Isle of France, according to the Abbe de la Caille, contains 432,680 Arpons. It is watered by seventy large rivers, which, however, I neither compare to the Seine or the Loire, 28 smaller ones and 24 rivulets, without counting 80 or 100 springs from which water flows in greater or less quantities the year round. All the land is far from being cultivated as well as it might be. The greater part of the gover-



For the American Universal Magazine.





# THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No. II.]—MONDAY, JULY 24, 1797.—[Vol. III.

*Embellished with a View of the Frigate United States.*

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*Where communications will be received.*